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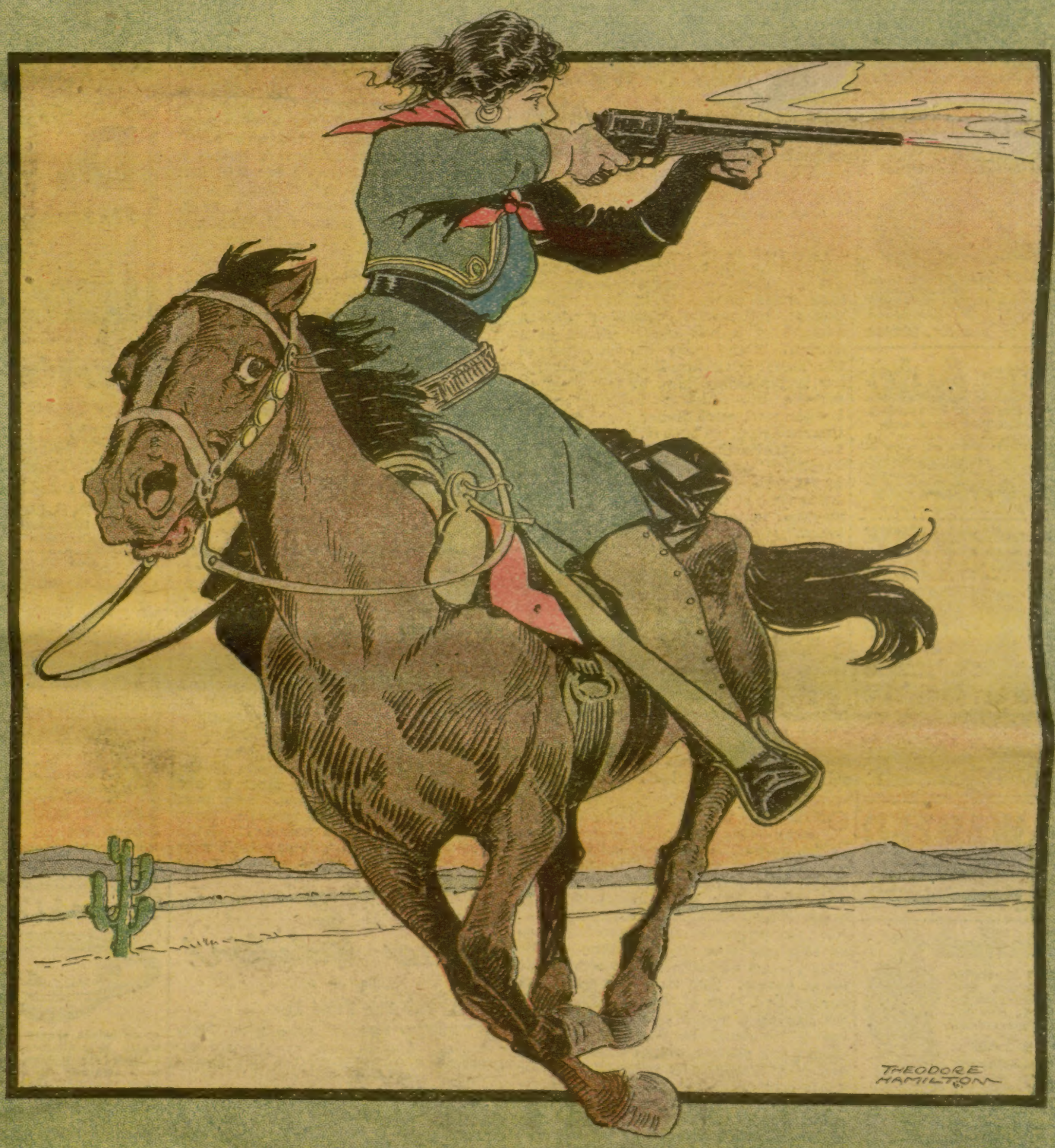

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BY E.W. BATEMAN

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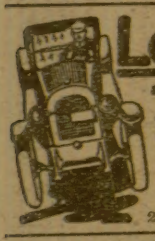

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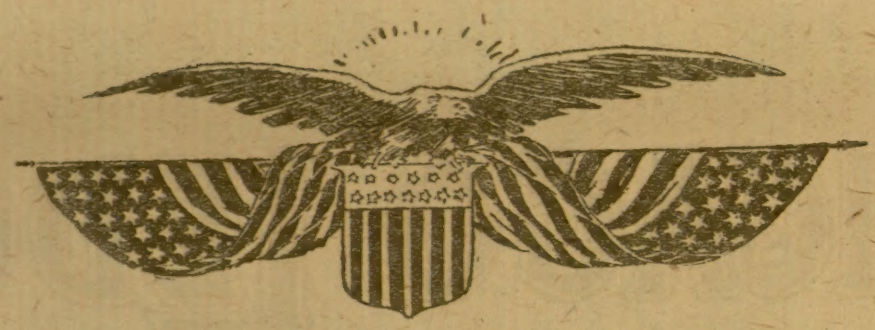

The Editor Has His Say Here

CAPT. FLOYD HARDY, U. S. A., has been detailed as acting agent of a Northwestern Indian reservation. His predecessor has been killed, the Indians have been stirred up to a sullen fighting mood. The job facing the Army man is a difficult one. He is cordially hated by two men—a half-breed and an Easterner, who having discovered a gold mine on the reservation, are having it worked out by the Indians, paying them "trading goods" for the ore. The Indians are being robbed right and left. Hardy is one of those stern, but lovable men in whom the sense of right and justice has been highly developed and in whom personal ambition has been made secondary to duty. Marie Dupont, a beautiful Canadian with a mixture of Indian blood, reared in a convent, is the other central figure of the story. Captain Hardy's love for her is the bright spot in this story of frontier life which will begin in the Ledger next week under the title "The Quarterbreed." Those of you who wrote so enthusiastically about "Into the Primitive" and demanded other stories by the same writer will find that Robert Ames Bennet has, if anything, given us an even better story is "The Quarterbreed."

ACTION is swift thruout the story. For those who want blood-stirring encounters, mystery, love, passion and all the other elements that go to make a thoroly satisfying yarn we recommend "The Quarterbreed." It is a long novel, one of the longest we have run in the Ledger in many months, but not for a moment does it lag or become dull and prosaic. The story has been divided into seven installments, each of them quite lenthy. If you want to be entertained during the rest of the summer don't overlook this story.

ONCE more we are offering a baseball story—this time with Irving Estes as the author. It is a typically American story of the typically American game. It could have happened in your own town. You know how it is when great rivalry exists between two teams, how the managers and players scheme to slip one over on the other fellow. This is such a story and it is a delicious bit of humor. The rival managers had agreed that each of them might put in his line-up a player of big league caliber if he could be obtained. One of them got a pitcher, a man whose curves and control were wonderful. The other asked a friend to get him a pinch hitter, a red headed fellow whose big bludgeon struck terror into the hearts of the opposition. The pinch hitter came to bat in one of those crucial moments when the game was at stake, where a hit meant victory and the long end of the purse. What was the great pitcher to do? Trust to his own prowess and endeavor to retire the pinch hitter, or pass him and try for the next man? The pitcher and his manager considered thoughtfully and they decided—oh, well, what's the use of spoiling the story, a week before it is to appear in print? Read it next week and get a big laugh.

JUST now when the men who registered last year for the draft are being reclassified so that Uncle Sam can have all the helpers needed for the big job "over there," many of our men are having to fight the same battle as did the hero of the story entitled, "Exempt!" which will appear next week. Where does a man's duty lie—in the trenches, or caring for those dependent upon him at home? And what should a woman do when her man is facing this great question? "Exempt!" deals with one phase of the question and how one couple made their decision, altho the answer must always be given by those the question affects and what might be the answer for one cannot always be the answer for the other.

GETTING to the subject of this week's issue, we think you will find it as interesting a number as you ever have read. We told you last week about "Rose of the Desert," the new serial which is starting, and having looked it over again since then we are still just as enthusiastic and if anything we were modest in talking about it last week. It undoubtedly is a splendid story and one that we know you will enjoy.

AS TO the short stories, there are three which we particularly like. One of them is "Adventure a la Carte," which we believe is true to life in that it depicts so faithfully the emotions of a woman who has longed for the companionship of man, but who, somehow, has failed to attract those of the other sex, until one day he came and he came in a strange way—in the guise of his own aunt. Oh, he humbugged her to a finish, but revelation finally came to her and she took a woman's revenge upon him. You really must read this story.

WE ALSO like the story "Terry MacNamara's Second Pair." Its author, Seumas MacManus, is entirely too well known for us to tell you that any story he writes is well worth reading. He is at his best in this tale of a rollicking knave of an Irishman, a trickster and mischief loving fellow with whom you just must side in. The story of how he broke the heart and blasted the reputation of the doughty old colonel who had figured on doing the same thing to Terry is a delightful tale. Neither must you overlook "Luella Plays a Hunch" which appears on Page 22. Luella is a girl just like some of the girls you know and, like most of her class, she is superstitious. You men who read the story will remark, "Now, isn't that just like a woman?" What our women readers will say isn't easy to imagine. Both sexes should enjoy it, however.

The Editor.

She Tried It.

A USEFUL sort of cook was Mary Jane. But on one occasion she introduced a rather doubtful egg into a pudding with somewhat painful results. "Really, Mary," said her mistress, "you must exercise more caution in future. A good way to test an egg is to swing it around a few times and place it to your ear. If you hear a pleasant murmuring sound it is fresh and good."

"That's just what I did with one before," answered the cook.

"Well, and what happened?"

"As I was swinging it round it flew out of my hand and hit my policeman in the eye. It was him that did the murmuring, not the egg, mum."

He Helped Some.

"WAS your boy Josh much of a help to you around the farm?"

"Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel. "I didn't realize how much of a help he was. He didn't do much work. But he could play the jewsharp an' tell riddes an' keep the farmhands entertained so that sometimes they would stay for days and days at a time before going."

She Misunderstood.

IT WAS the first time that Richard's father had seen "her" and they were talking things over.

"So my son has proposed to you," he said, "and you've accepted him? I think you might have seen me first."

She blushed sweetly as she replied: "I did, but I think I prefer Richard."

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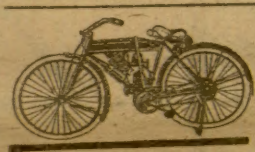

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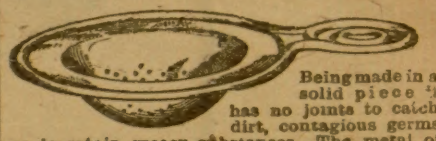

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VOL. XLVI. CHICAGO, ILL., AUGUST 10, 1918. No. 32.

A Beautiful Aztec Princess Was in Trouble, So a Brave Man Mixes In

"If You Raise Your Voice, Senorita, I Shall Kill Them Both," I Whispered.

ROSE OF THE DESERT

Beginning a Story of Adventure, Perils and Love in the Revolution-torn Mexico of Today

By E. W. Bateman

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CHAPTER I.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN SEEKS A SPY.

MEXICO is a stage upon which some thrilling dramas have been enacted. Each drama is a horror of intrigue and murder, interspersed with selfishness and hatred. But there has always been plenty of color to the tragedies in this great theater; there has always been a romantic clinking of silver spurs on high-heeled boots, the flash of sabers, and the soft laughter of lovely senoritas. Here hot curses are invariably tempered by soft-uttered compliments and nonchalant courtesy.

When I first arrived at Durango, which is eight hundred miles south of the American border as the crow flies, the last days of President Diaz were nearing their close, and the military authorities were particular who came and went from the city. My name was asked by the authorities. Marion Burke was gringo to the Mexicans, despite the fact that I spoke Spanish as well as Indian. The authorities eyed me sharply, but I was allowed to continue on to a big ranch of which I became manager for an American syndicate.

The Durango Mountains were alive with political refugees, who virtually were shiftless outlaws led by adventurers, when Madero fought his way to power. But his fall and each succeeding upheaval brought guerrilla warfare. Huerta had come and gone almost without a "viva," but the trouble that followed upset the republic as no other revolution in its black history. The ranch had been raided of many of its choice cattle, and roving bands of drunken ex-soldiers threatened to burn the buildings if I refused to feed them. From the ranch to Durango City was a three-day ride. One September day I left the ranch on a business trip. Where the road in the foothills broadened my horse suddenly snorted. A clatter of hoofs warned me of horsemen obscured at the right side of the road. I knew that if they were guerrillas they had me covered with rifles. I reined in my big black horse just as they rode out of hiding, a few hundred yards ahead. With the skill of Mexican horsemen they surrounded me and made me prisoner.

"This is a pleasant meeting, senors," I said in Spanish. But the riders did not comprehend. Then I quickly repeated the sentence in native Indian. Their smiles told me that I was lucky to know the tongue.

"You honor us, worthy Don," one of them, in command of the troop, replied. "But we will have to take you for a little ride."

A half hour's ride took us to a pass in the Sierra Madre Mountains, which tower as high and which are as bare and bleak as the Andes. At the head of the pass the leader called to a hidden sentinel, who answered the call and we moved safely onward. Two hundred yards up the pass, behind huge piles of bowlders, was the main camp, filled with the largest band of marauders I had seen in the territory. The place was alive with men. There were more fighters in the camp than were being used to defend Durango, the capital.

"The gringo shall see The Two," my captor said to another officer.

There was something about the snap and precision with which the soldiers moved that made me realize quickly, as I was led to another end of the camp, that discipline was not lacking in any respect.

At the other end of the camp we approached a large tent, which bore a queer insignia. The only other place I had seen the strange insignia was on the Temple of Montezuma.

The affair began to look rather strange, I thought. The insignia was that of a royal Aztec, and here was an army of trained Indians.

I was arraigned before The Two. They were both old men, of a startling Indian type which Mexico seldom produces nowadays. Both were seated on stone stools. They looked at me solemnly.

"Our house is yours, our children's bread your food," said one old man. This Indian greeting in Mexico means that you are a very important guest.

"You honor me with the dust of your doorway," I replied in their tongue.

"You speak well the tongue of the great race," one said. "Are you truly a gringo?"

I could see that a great deal depended upon my answer. I saw an advantage in denying that I was an American.

"The winds of the world have blown me to so many shores and back again that I have forgotten my country," I answered with all the bravado Mexico had taught me.

"No country claims me, and I claim no country. Still I speak many tongues," I hastily added.

I heard a rustle at another entrance to the tent behind me, but I refrained from looking to see whom the newcomer might be. I knew it would not be wise. I could see that The Two were deeply impressed. I held their gaze, waiting curiously for the newcomer to step before me.

Like a fairy sprite, a beautiful woman suddenly stepped between The Two and myself.

I was stunned by this wonderful woman's rare beauty. I gazed at her. She was bewildering. Her hair was a dusky golden against an olive complexion, while her lips were like lovely red rosebuds. Out of her eyes gleamed the spirit of a great ruler. At some time back across the vanished ages her fathers ruled, was the thought which stuck in my brain.

"Your name, senor?" she asked.

"Don Mariano," I answered calmly, leaving off my last name in order to get the Spanish effect.

She drew a map from the folds of her dress, and consulted it thoughtfully. I could see it was a map of Durango. Without much trouble she located my ranch. Apparently satisfied, she turned a cold pair of eyes upon me.

"The city of Durango has been a playground for you. You have visited it many times lately," she said. "How many men defend it, and how well is it fed?"

I dreaded the question. I knew I must give some answer. Of all the dangerous roles in Mexico none is more hazardous than that of a spy. I knew I had to answer her cleverly.

"One man, senorita, does well not to count soldiers of our country," I answered. "Neither does one ask the governor in his city stronghold about his food. You have many patriots. Perhaps you could send one of them to count the soldiers in Durango."

"I see you are a bold man, Don Mariano," she said, and a scornful smile curled her lips. "Perhaps, tho, the twisting of your tongue with horse hair would bring the truth from you."

My admiration for the beautiful woman was growing, still I was cognizant of the fact that she would stop at nothing to gain her ends. Folding my arms, I slipped my right hand inside my jacket and gripped the automatic pistol which nestled under my left arm pit. I felt more secure.

"I assure you, senorita, it will gain you nothing to make a snake hiss," I said with an insolent smile. I realized that it is not too wise to be humble and quiet with a Mexican. Then I drew my pistol and covered The Two.

"If you raise your voice, senorita, I shall kill both of them and then you," I whispered.

Silence reigned for a few seconds. Wild anger reddened the girl's face. She stood watching me for a sign of weakness.

"Call for aid, my Princess," said one of the old men in a whisper, and faced me for a bullet.

Her lips moved, but the cry froze upon them. She gasped.

"I will not call for help, my father."

she replied to the old man. "My cry would bring unnecessary death and grief. Lower your gun, Don Mariano," the woman said calmly.

I knew I had won. I put away my gun.

"Senorita," I said in English, "you know well that I cannot tell you how many soldiers there are in Durango or the amount of food and still live."

I noticed she was startled when I spoke English, but she followed me closely.

"However, senorita," I continued, "if I should meet a vaquero along the road to Durango, who wished work to feed himself and his aged mother, I would gladly hire him, and he could ride with me into Durango. I would even pay him twenty pesos in advance with which he could buy mescal for many soldier friends, and talk thru one day and night. Such a vaquero should boast loudly of his master for whom he had worked many years.

"Fair senorita, his eyes would see much, and he would listen to all the soldiers say, but he himself would give little information. Then, later he would ride away with Don Mariano. But in a few days a runner would go to the authorities and complain for the kind Don. The runner would say that the Don's vaquero, who had worked for many years, had committed a grievous offense against the law by running away owing twenty pesos. The authorities would be told by the runner that the ungrateful wretch had joined some roving band of robbers. The authorities would only laugh up their sleeves at the foolish gringo, and forget about it," I concluded.

It was a long speech, but it was appreciated. It gave the beautiful woman a plan to place a spy in the state capital, and give me the most needed of all things in Mexico—an alibi.

Admiration lightened her eyes, and she answered in English:

"You are cunning, indeed, Don Mariano. You perhaps will meet a vaquero along the road. You are free, and I shall see that you are taken again to the road."

I gazed after her as she went to the opening in the tent. There she paused, turned and gazed at me sharply.

"Your daring pleases me, and if you ever decide to become a soldier, you will come to me," she said. There was a question in her eyes.

I smiled and bowed, and she vanished from my sight.

CHAPTER II.

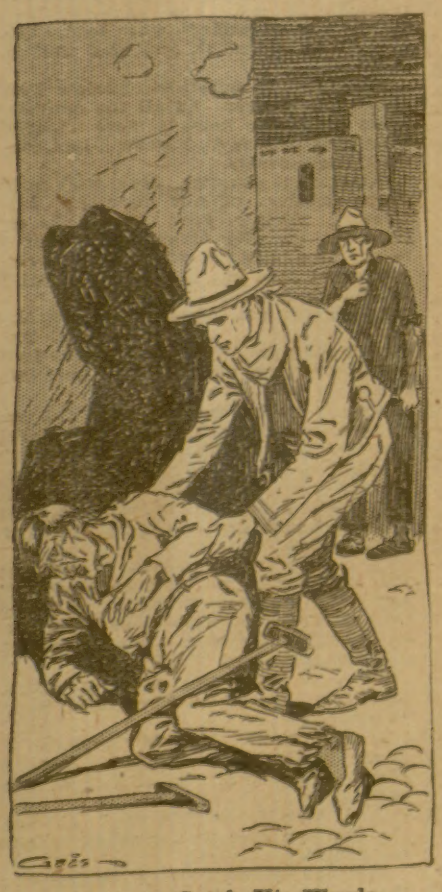
THE VAQUERO PROVES A TRAITOR.

I DREW rein at the gates of the capital itself and eyed my companion carefully.

"You are——" I began in Indian, but he shook his head.

"I speak them all, senor," he said, in English, and I almost fell from my horse in surprise. Then I looked closely. He was a big man, and he had ridden forty miles with me in perfect ease in the saddle. I could see he was no Mexican, for five hours on a horse will do for almost any of them. Yet it was hard to see the Caucasian traces so swarthy was he and so true in the Indian mold of cheek bone. Then I saw it was a mistake of nature. He had a cleft chin—never seen on a native—and cold, blue eyes.

"You are wondering if it was Sing Sing or Huntsville which spat me a thousand miles over the border, aren't you," he said with an insolent smile.



I Bent to Catch His Words.

"No," I replied. "But I was wondering how a white man could fall so far below his scale that he actually thinks well of thieving as a trade."

The sting of it was apparent; to be classed as a bandit in Mexico—instead of "patriot"—is quite an insult. He had absorbed enough of the native view to feel it keenly. His hand moved toward his hip, but I eyed him and it dropped.

"I must not forget," he muttered.

On my way to the American club I forgot my vaquero with the accent of the States in his English. I told him where to meet me twenty-four hours later, and was glad enough to see him go.

It seemed that I was destined for adventure on this innocent business trip, of which I had thought so little.

No sooner had I stepped into the portals of the building than Harry Smithson fell on me, whacking my shoulder jovially. He was cashier of the largest bank of the capital and an important person, but a friend to every American in the district. It was he, thru many a secret wile, who had kept many of them from prosecution and the power of his American gold showed no signs of slacking its force in this direction.

"You low-life, where have you been keeping yourself?" he cried, clasping my hand with more than usual warmth—so it seemed to me, anyway—and his eyes showed a curious pleasure mixed with surprise.

"Over the mountains," I replied. "Trying to keep a few bushels of corn and some cattle safe from thieves. It is a comfort to be able to do that."

He laughed with me, a bit ruefully, over the sore plight to which foreigners were being reduced. Then he dropped his voice to a warning tone.

"I do not want to disturb you, Burke," he said, motioning to a porter with two fingers, "but you are under the dark suspicions of Jose Valdez, the colonel commanding the garrison. Until you showed up today I had almost come to the conclusion that you were lost in the heart of the citadel prison—waiting and rotting while some of us raised a row and got you out."

"No," I answered, slightly perturbed by the news. "I have been sticking close to my own patio, watching the latest revolutions and waiting to get on the band wagon of some sure-enough big chief. I tell you, Harry, the lines draw tighter each day. Unless some power rises in Mexico, we are all doomed to business failure, or worse. For instance, under the present methods, Valdez can ruin me overnight, and I have no redress, and he no fear of punishment. By the way, how did I incur his displeasure?"

He laughed. "I heard in official circles that you had given material aid to the enemy of the republic. In other circles the tale is different. It seems, er——" he twisted an imaginary mustache—that a certain fair lady of Durango preferred red hair to deep brown at the June fete of roses." A shrug of the shoulders and a howl of laughter finished the tale.

"The lady does me honor," I said. "Only I cannot remember her name, nor what she looked like."

Mock horror spread over his face. "What? You forget a pretty face? She was none other than the Rose of the Desert, the beautiful Inez Matleteczin. She does you honor indeed," he said, his eyes lighting rather wistfully for a moment. "She reminds one much of the fair women of our own country. She comes of the proudest line in all Durango, and she is one of its fairest women."

"Rose of the Desert," I mused, partly to myself. "Ah, I remember!" I cried. "She was the Indian maid, masked as we all were, but with wonderful eyes, and who danced divinely. Harry, I am sorry indeed I went away before the masks were drawn."

"So was she," he chuckled. "And she showed it so plainly to the dear Colonel Valdez that it gave him a pain." His face became serious. "I don't like it, tho, Burke. I expect him to give you trouble. But I'll help when he cuts loose."

"Good fellow," I said, "I hope this time I won't need any of El Naticionale's golden salve to cure his wounded feelings. Perhaps he will forget."

"Little chance," he answered. "It seems he had aspirations to enter the family and handle her fortune, which has dwindled to almost nothing from the careful spending campaign of her late father. But Valdez does not know this. He still imagines she will bring, along with that beautiful face, a handsome dowry."

He left me shortly after, and I sat musing over the case. I could not help but be annoyed. Over a simple little fete, at which I remembered dancing thru half the night with a nymph whose face I had never seen, I was destined for sharp trouble. Nothing angers a Mexican so thoroly as interfering with affairs of the heart which promise to become lucrative. At twilight I decided it would be safe for me to venture forth upon some of the business dealings I had come to arrange.

I was passing thru the section where only the very poorest class of Durango lived. It was twilight there, but a strange sight arrested my attention. Struggling down the street came a queer pair. One was a boy, and the other a man so aged that he could hardly make his way. Aided by the boy, the aged man managed to drag his body along upon crutches, his legs trailing behind him in a revolting way.

I pitied the old man, and stopped the strange pair. I thought at first they were starving to death. They looked as tho they belonged to another world, so ghostly did they appear. The look of death was on the aged man's face. There was a pallor, too, which made me certain he had been in prison very recently. The child, with peering, limpid eyes of the suffering animal, looked up at me without fear or interest. They were Indians, I saw, and spoke the tongue.

"There is food in my house for any honest man," I said quietly to the old man, who halted his straggling gait when I stood before him. "The way is weary for you."

For a moment a light glowed in his aged eyes, for I spoke as kindly as I knew. Then he surprised me by shaking his head.

"Thou art kind to an old man, my son," he said, his voice so soft and solemn that I involuntarily started. "But there remains nothing for me but the grave of my whole people."

His well-trained words and natural dignity impressed me so that I would not let him go.

"What misfortune has fallen upon you, father?" I asked.

"That which often comes to the innocent," he answered quickly. "Knowledge was my curse—knowledge of things long gone, which other men would know to further dispoil my dying nation. I have been in prison for years, my son, and have been let out just now—so I might not die there, and cause them trouble," he muttered and sank exhausted.

As he lay there I looked at his twisted form and wondered how it had been my lot to stumble on another mystery. Plainly he was a political prisoner and his words were true—he was dying. He had been turned from the prison walls, while life still was in him, and he would be found dead some morning soon and no minor prison official would have to explain his body. Such is the cunning of the Mexican.

He still muttered, half delirious. I bent to catch his words. "Jose Valdez—curse of my life!" He sank back again.

Then I saw why his body was twisted and broken. The rack! The old prison tortures of that tomb for living men in Durango had been revived—and by the man who was then seeking a way, perhaps, to get me in his clutch!

I shuddered, and helped the old man along. About one hundred yards down the way was an old inn, poor of its kind, but a shelter. I half-carried him there, and a room was quickly arranged for the sufferer and his aide. Then I saw they should have food in plenty, and set off to complete a plan I had in mind. I was fully determined to send this old man to my ranch at once. A kindred feeling for him had been stirred with him; his natural impressiveness added to the thought.

Within an hour I had arranged with a teamster who had a fairly comfortable wagon and a good pair of ponies to start that night for El Vallejo—my ranch. I urged him to hasten, because I feared the sufferer would die upon the way.

I returned to my errands then, and for the next few hours I was so busy I forgot my charge and the fact he had started for my ranch in the early evening. I intended myself to start not later than the first daylight hours of the next morning.

I slept but slightly and was in the saddle by the time the rays of the morning sun gilded the old Aztec temple which stands a stone's throw away from the main plaza. For the first time I remembered my vaquero, and the fact that I was to meet him at the eastern gate—for Durango is walled, trenched and guarded as seldom a Mexican city is.

I had been there but a few moments when he rode up, and I eyed him carefully. There was small doubt he had been drinking heavily since I had seen him, and the devils which lurk in mescal and pulque were still playing in his eyes. "A white man ought to drink a white man's whisky," I thought to myself.

"Have you heard the news," he said in English, with an insolent smile. "A noted prisoner was freed by mistake last night and disappeared. One thousand pesos have been offered for his capture." He spoke with short jerks, for his tongue was still heavy.

I did my best to conceal any start which may have begun about the back of my neck and crawled down my spine! The old man of the Way of Saints was just what I had imagined.

"There was some one who helped him

The Whistle of Bullets Was Plainer.

a few minutes after he got out," he continued, with another stare. "Some don who afterward sent him away in a cart. At least, so it was told me by one of Colonel Valdez's own guard, who went with him to search. The keeper of the inn gave a good description. There is a thousand pesos for his arrest also. Don Jose thinks it is a plot."

Then I saw his game. He had given me away without compunction for this small matter, and I had a reward of staggering size upon my head.

I spurred my horse and he jumped beside the spy.

"You dog!" I swore at him. "Do you think you can play that game with me?" And with the butt of a pistol I struck him from the saddle.

He fell like a log and with the fall I clapped the spurs to my horse and shot for the gate. The sentries, who stood there and who had seen but not heard the play, simply grinned as the don who had smitten a vaquero rode by. Outside the gate I rode slowly and carefully until I was out of rifle shot. Then I sent my big black horse over the desert road at break-neck speed.

"Home, Black Sam!" I shouted in his ear. "Home, for we must play this game so hard and fast from this time on that the loser——". I never finished the thought. Behind me rang out a long, rolling shout, and I heard the crack of rifles, and the clatter of hoofs. I looked back, but could not see my pursuers.

"Unless you have horses that I know nothing of, Colonel Jose," I chuckled to myself. "You will never catch me on this road."

CHAPTER III.

DEFENDED BY A BANDIT'S ARMY.

TWO days later found me planning and watching for the next move by Valdez. Tho the pursuit had failed, and the aged prisoner safe in my own house, I had no false theories about the matter. Jose Valdez was too powerful, and too fond of using his power, to forgive me my accidental aid to his victim, and my all-too-easy escape from the trifling plot he had laid with the clever spy who was even then betraying him. In the dead hours of some future night, while slumber closed my eyes, he was planning to come and give me a rude awakening.

So I had been at home but a few days before I dispatched Manuel, my most trusted servant, to the hills in search of Gen. Emillio Cordova. This bandit had "visited" me before and stayed three months. His army came with him and and it had cost me a fortune. However, I was willing to pay it this time. With all his faults he was a good soldier and kept his men under check far better than the average Mexican leader. While he was on my ranch with his band of more than four hundred men, all well-armed, Valdez would never venture near it.

For the first time in his life, perhaps, the worthy general received a cordial invitation to visit a ranch. He came post haste to El Vallejo with his freebooters and soon I had an army with me to a man. Eating my beef and corn, they swore by all the saints that no one should harm Don Mariano.

A few days after his arrival, General Cordova and myself were seated on the patio waiting for lunch when one of my pelados called me.

"Senor, the aged man is dying. He will see no one but you, but none would summon you. Senor, we fear him. He

will not see the padre who came but a short time ago."

The lad was truly worried. For any one to refuse to see the priest when dying was beyond his ken.

I hurried over to the little stone house where I had placed the old man. The lad who had come with him squatted on his haunches in front, stolid and peering, and the dim interior looked ghostly. I could not help but feel they were of another world or another age of which we knew nothing.

"My son, the sun is setting on my last day," said a thin voice as I peered into the gloom.

I stepped in and saw the aged man lying on a rude bed made against the wall. On his face was that queer look of the knowledge of death which we of the white race cannot achieve.

"Perhaps my friend will live to see many suns," I said as jovially as I could. "Do you find my place so poor that you hasten to leave me?"

"Never that, kind don," he answered. "Your roof is the first to give me fair shelter in many years. But the gods call me now—and may 'Quetzal bless you all of your days."

It was a queer benediction, this Aztec god whose name I had seen in print seldom, and spoken almost never. Only the mighty Cu to 'Quetzal, standing gloomily apart from the prison plaza in Durango, remained of the Aztec diety.

"Come closer, my son," he said. "I have something I wish to give you." He fumbled under his loose shirt for a moment and then pulled forth some queer parchments. Holding up the flickering light, I could see they were covered with rude pictures scrawled with crayon or dye.

"There were Three and now they are but Two," he muttered. "But hold you well to these, my son, until you meet those who hold the rest of Quetzal's story. Then shall you know riches such as Jose Valdez—my curse shall rest upon him forever—has not dreamed."

"The old man is delirious," I thought to myself, but to please him I carefully folded the leaves he had given me and placed them away in my coat. "Where shall I find these Two, father?" I asked respectfully.

"Like myself, they have no names," he answered, feebly. "They will come with one whose heritage you hold, and they shall reward you for keeping it well, my son. Tell them my last command. Don Mariano saved me from a death among the dogs of Durango, and saved for them the secret which they have sought for years. For him is the share of a faithful friend—under our law, one-half. Thy hand, Don Mariano, and leave me to meet the spirits of my beloved Anahuac." With failing strength he reached for my hand and pressed it to his forehead. Then he turned his face to the wall, and I knew well his spirit had departed.

Outside, in the bright sunlight of the afternoon, I blinked my eyes in wonderment. Tho I knew well that many of the ancient customs of the Aztecs lingered in all of the far provinces—even that some of the Indians believed firmly in the old gods—I had just heard lore which confused me, totally. I took out the parchment again, and looked at them thoroly. "I thought I knew Mexico," I muttered to myself. "But I haven't scratched the surface. What could these things mean?"

I strode up to the patio determined to say nothing of the matter, tho the general was familiar now with the story of my unwitting rescue of Valdez's prisoner. However, I had no occasion. For standing there, in civilian clothes, unarmed and apparently on a peaceful mission, stood Jose Valdez, my arch enemy!

We greeted each other respectfully enough, for indeed we had never personally clashed. I knew at once he had come to ask of the prisoner and try to induce me to release him peacefully, so I left the play to him. He struggled thru a maze of polite Spanish murmurings which seemed to be choking him, and then drove straight to the point.

"Don Mariano, I believe you have a visitor with you," he began, and I bowed smilingly.

"So I have indeed," I interrupted. "The general here——"

It was his turn to break in, with an arrogant gesture, but he spoke patiently enough.

"I am well aware of that, senor," he said. "But it is of another that I speak. An aged man escaped from my keeping at Durango thru the stupidity of my guard. Some kindly person took pity on his age and infirmities and took him away from the city. I learned that the person was none other than yourself. You, of course, when you learn that he is a dangerous prisoner, will give him up?" There was a question in his attitude which seemed to ring with something sinister. But I had a ready answer.

"You ask of me something that only God can do, General Valdez," I replied solemnly, with a feeling that perhaps it was good fortune he had not found the old Indian alive. "He died within the hour."

The effect upon the man was magical. His eyes flashed with rage at me, while disappointment was expressed plainly in his attitude.

"I demand to see the body!" he cried.

I beckoned for him to follow, and we strode across the patio and out into the stone house where the old man lay, dead. Silently he looked at the body and as silently he turned away. We went back to the table where the general sat stolidly, Indian-like. Valdez paused at the door to take his leave.

"Don Mariano, you have gravely, if unwittingly, offended the authorities and wounded the dignity of the government," he said with a gravity which almost made me laugh. "But I now charge that you have added to those political crimes one of murder. I hold you responsible, in the name of the Constitutional government, for the death of its prisoner." He turned on his heel and strode away.

I watched him as he left my home and mounted his horse to ride away. Then I turned to where the general sat. He, too, was staring after Valdez, in a way that made me think ill of that last speech. "It was made for his benefit," I thought, as he sat and stared. "That's

He Fumbled Under His Loose Shirt for a Moment and Pulled Forth Some Queer Parchments.

the whole cursed trouble with these greasers. They never say what they mean, which makes the other fellow do a lot of thinking."

CHAPTER IV.

VALDEZ BURNS THE RANCH.

"AND are things well, Manuel?" I asked of my trusted pelado. I had just returned from a week's trip over the ranch, and had ridden my weary horse into the corral. The lad was waiting, stolidly, but with black eyes which always gleamed with a light which betrayed the Indian mask he wore. All Indian was Manuel, and your man until death, if he loved you.

"Very well, senor, very well," he said, as he swung the saddle down. "But there are some things written in the sun, and some are told in the moon."

It was his Indian way of saying that messages were being sent to the ranch during the day, in writing, and that the answers were slipped out at night perhaps by word of mouth.

"And for whom, little one?" I asked him, with a close look.

"I trust not a guest who looks always to the road, don," he answered smoothly. "Tonight and each night I shall sleep at the door of your room."

I looked at him for long, and at the end he nodded, and I understood. Then I strode away to find General Cordova, whom I had left to his own devices while I attended to business. That worthy was engaged, quite as usual, in eating, this time the evening meal. I joined him and we ate in silence, for both were hungry. He had greeted me casually and I wasted no time with him, for I was saddle-weary. Almost at once I left him and went to my room, only to cast off my boots before falling on the bed in a deep sleep.

How long I slept that night I never knew. I only remember that a great pounding came at the door, and a low voice was hissing thru the key-hole—Manuel's, for he had kept the promise made with himself.

"Awake, master, awake!" he was crying.

I sprang from my bed, looking thru the window at a dull light which seemed to be spreading. Then I heard ribald shouting, a few straggling shots—and the pounding of many hoofs. I flung open the door and sprang out, to be stopped by Manuel's warning arm.

"There may be time, senor," he said in a whisper. "It came quicker than we knew. Cordova has traded you to your enemy. The corral!"

We crept down the hall in the growing light from the burning barns and grain stacks. Our only hope of escape lay in crossing the patio in the shadows there, then around some stone outhouses to the corral, where we might slip out horses and ride away bare-back, adding but a note to the confusion I could hear outside.

Like the shadows themselves the Indian lad in front of me glided down the steps and into the court. I followed him to the line and we were soon making our way to the corral.

Some mad prank of fate thrust the torch of a bandit in a small hayrack on the side where we were making for, and in a moment a burst of flame revealed us dashing for the gate. There was a shout, and a score of Valdez's men bore down on us, rifles ready. Resistance was foolish. Manuel threw up his head and folded his arms with fine scorn, while I simply stood forward of him.

"Aha! the don whom his excellency wanted," cried one, as he grasped me by the arm. "Come, senor, the jig of the gringo is up." None of them paid any heed to Manuel.

In silence I allowed myself to be led away, with but a single look at the wholesale destruction going on around me. The work of years was being destroyed by vandals, but somehow I did not care. My anxiety and care of months had been of no avail, so the actual madness of it made no impression on my mind.

They took me to Valdez. He was seated, strangely enough, in the little stone house where the aged prisoner had died, and I soon realized the reason. From its open door he could witness the destruction of my ranch without the danger of a stray shot from the windows of my ranch-house. Then I understood quite fully how he had come so easily. Cordova had traded with him to beat a "masterly retreat" when attacked by night, leaving me to his mercy.

"Senor, you are seeing some of the justice soon to be meted to all gringos," he said with a sneer. "They who have despoiled our great country are going to pay back in blood. You are but spared to make a confession to me of your crimes."

I almost laughed at this.

"You rule tonight, Colonel Valdez," I said evenly, biting back that rage which was burning my very soul. "But you cannot force confessions. No doubt you remember a recent failure."

His dark face flushed brick-red at this and he sprang from the stool where he was sitting.

"You American dog!" he snarled at me. "I know full well you have what I have sought for years. You will give it up, or I shall break you on the rack bone by bone."

My captors felt the sudden stiffening of my arms at his threat, and grasped me tighter. It gave me the brace that I wanted, and I lunged forward with my feet, kicking over the table on which rested the single light of the room. It was dashed in darkness but for the dull flickers from without.

"Diablo!" swore Valdez as I dropped to my knees and crept swiftly for the door. I could hear my captors rushing about blindly trying to reach me. Then I made a dash for liberty thru the open door.

It was a desperate chance, but so was I. As shots from Valdez's revolver rang out behind me and the bullets whistled near, I knew that I had to make the dark mesa ahead of death. Then came a stunning shock to my body and I knew I had been hit. Yet I ran on, cursing Valdez in sobbing breaths, and spitting blood.

"You devil!" I raged. "If I live thru this I'll kill you from the bush."

Low hills and the straggling brush was hiding me from my pursuers. Valdez had been able to rally only a handful of his followers for the chase, for the others were too busy looting. But those few faithful to him were scouring the way behind me, shouting and calling to each other as they sought to surround the sole path of escape—the valley which led up to the mountains which towered above El Vallejo, and which ran down to Durango itself.

With every step I felt shocks of grinding pain, and over me was coming a weariness like death must be. Yet behind me came the rush of those shouting bandits and Valdez, and I fought against a fate which would end my chances for vengeance. Not once did I give thought to just death. I wanted but to live for a chance to kill Valdez—and kill him I knew I would if I lived.

I stumbled and fell, but struggled to my feet. Then for every few feet it seemed to me that the earth would rise to meet me and I had to fight desperately to shove it back to its place. "That is all wrong," I was saying to myself.

Again the shots were ringing out, as they caught sight of me staggering along, but they echoed dimly in my ears. The whistle of bullets was plainer, much plainer.

"This way, senor, this way!" came a sharp whisper.

I stood stupidly, swaying and looking in the darkness ahead of me. Could it be that I saw two horses, with riders, standing there?

I reeled on, laughing horribly at the grim joke my fancy was playing upon me. Then I felt a swift upward jerk, a sudden swing as if a horse had jumped, and then things faded rapidly amid a sudden pounding, drumming noise which barely reached my ears.

After being nursed back to life by "Rose of the Desert," Burke joins her army, and becomes its leader. He captures a messenger carrying a note from Jose Valdez to Swede Hansen. Burke finds that Swede Hansen has turned traitor to "Rose of the Desert" and is about to betray her into the hands of plotting Germans who plan to gobble her country. Burke is captured and sentenced to be shot by Hansen. Read what happens in the next installment.

* * *

Paying 50 Per Cent.

WHEN Mr. Dobbs reached the bootmaker's shop, where he had left his boots to be mended, he found the place closed and apparently deserted. He banged on the front door lustily, and at length Threadwax thrust his head thru an upper window.

"What d'ye want?" he asked.

"My boots," said Mr. Dobbs. "You said you'd have them ready for me today."

"But haven't you heard?" said the cobbler. "I've failed—gone bankrupt!"

"I don't care! I want my boots!" said Dobbs, angrily.

Threadwax disappeared, and an instant later one boot clattered down at Dobbs' feet.

"But where's the other?" he cried.

"That's all you'll get," said Threadwax. "I'm only paying 50 per cent!"

* * *

If Papa Only Knew.

PARENT—"Maria, what was you and young Gassam doin' last night when your little brother caught you?"

Clever Maid—"Nothing, pa, except quietly discussing practical experimentation of osculatory theories."

Parent—"And that precious young rascal told me he was a-kissin' you."

The Meaning of the Blood-red Heart Explained in This Part of

HIS NEXT OF KIN

By William Bratten

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

This Tells the Story

DICK HOWE tells his mother and sister that he is drafted and is about to leave for camp. Judith, his sister, goes out to tell her friends all about it, and in so doing stirs up such a quarrel between Mr. Jaynes and his wife and stepdaughter, Marie, that they leave his home and go with Judith. Mrs. Jaynes in speaking to Dick tells about her husband's suspicious actions. They determine to report the matter to the American Protective League, and have Jaynes, whom they suspect of being a German spy, watched. The following day Marie and Dick Howe, childhood sweethearts, are married.

The above story began in Ledger No. 31, dated August 3. Back copies can be obtained either thru office of publication, or from our newsdealers and agents.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NEXT OF KIN SOCIETY.

WHILE the merriment was at its height, other friends of the Howes, who had heard of Dick's being drafted, called to bid him godspeed.

Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lovell. Mr. Lovell had been legal adviser of Dick's father before his death.

"I have seldom been more pleased in my life than I was when I heard you had not claimed exemption—which you very justly could have done—when you were drafted, Dick, my boy," declared Mr. Lovell, as he shook hands with the soldier bridegroom. "You have set a magnificent example by not making the claim," he continued, "an example that I hope, and expect, will have a salutary effect upon hundreds of other young men who are placed in circumstances similar to yours. It is both an honor and a privilege to fight in this war on the side of right, of justice, of all that decent people hold dear and cherish.

"When the struggle is ended and our perspective becomes normal again, there is going to be no place in the whole world where the man who failed to give his utmost in helping to win the war, or who, when called to the colors, by hook or by crook managed to dodge such service, can hide to escape the odium of his evasion. The presentation of excuses by any man to get out of giving his life to his country when he is called is evidence incontrovertible that his heart is not in the right place."

"Speaking of hearts, I see you are wearing yours on the outside. Do you consider that is the right place?" spoke a thin, high-pitched voice which was quickly recognized by many present as that of Horace Harley, the querulous old president of the Cast Steel Company for whom Dick had worked. He had happened in during the wedding ceremony. Plainly he had come to see Mrs. Howe with a view of keeping Dick from the Army. His words, striking a note so out of keeping with the spirit of the occasion, instantly drew all eyes to him.

In the cheeks of Robert Lovell there flashed red spots—signals to all who knew him that his fighting blood was roused.

"I certainly do consider my coat the right place for that heart, Harley. It represents a wonderful force—one which will help to do in this country what our boys are doing in France."

"In-deed!" retorted Harley. "And what, pray, may this wonderful force be which that heart represents."

"This heart, Harley," and Lovell tapped the little blood red replica of the human heart which he wore on the lapel of his coat, "is notice to all the world that I have the honor to belong to the noblest organization that ever existed—The Next of Kin Society. I wish to tell all of you about it and to have you tell your friends. And then I hope that all of you who are eligible will become members. I can think of no more appropriate occasion than this, as one of our friends is about to enter the service.

"It doesn't cost one single, solitary cent to become a member of the Next of Kin Society, which should commend it to our steel friend, if for nothing else. But I can best put its purpose before you by reading the official announcement of the Society, which is not long," and, drawing a pamphlet from his pocket, he began:

"'The Next of Kin Society was incorporated in Washington, D. C., on May 6, 1918, by W. D. Boyce of Chicago, together with Charles F. Diggs and Walter A. Johnston, both of Washington.

"'The purposes of the Society, briefly, are fourfold:

"'To rouse the realization of every blood relative and wife of a man serving in the Army or Navy of the United States of America that he, or she, has a distinct and definite duty toward such loved one in protecting his interests.

"'To turn this powerful force, composed of the Next of Kin, the very flesh and blood of our fighting men, into the channels where it will be most effective and where it is most needed.

"'To bring home to those who have no kin in either Army or Navy, by force of example, the self-denial and sacrifice that each and every citizen of the United States must make to support the Government in the successful prosecution of the war and to supply our fighting men with all they need.

"'To inspire by the lives and actions of its members a higher degree of patriotism and loyalty to the United States.

"'The basic principle of the Next of Kin Society is the heart, emphasized by the insignia of the Society, which is a blood red heart, without lettering of any kind, to be worn as a pin or lapel button.

"'The membership of the Next of Kin Society shall be composed of any blood relative or wife of a man in the service of the Army or Navy of the United States of America, or other services officially connected with the Army or Navy thru enlistment or draft, or of any person designated as next of kin by a soldier or sailor on his official record.

"'No sectarian or political test shall be applied to members.

"'There shall be no dues for membership in the Next of Kin Society and every member will receive a certificate of membership.

"'In furtherance of its purpose, the Next of Kin Society proposes to cooperate with the proper committees—when such committees exist—of other nationally recognized organizations in keeping constantly before the men in the service that there is one great nation-wide organization composed of their next of kin at home looking after their every interest while they are fighting for their country. The following may be mentioned as some of the specific objects: Keeping pro-Germans, alien enemies and other sinister influences from stabbing the men of our Army and Navy in the back and in preventing claim agents and shyster lawyers from preying on their families; aiding in finding employment for soldiers' or sailors' dependents; ferreting out profiteering tradesmen and hoarders of flour, sugar and wheat; bringing to justice disseminators of pro-German propaganda; pledging members and their friends to write only cheerful letters to our soldiers and sailors and not to worry them with home troubles; sending home papers to their men; sending 'Neighborhood Round-Robins' to men in the service; explaining the new laws regarding sedition and treason, emphasizing the fact that only legal means must be employed in dealing with disloyalists and combating the formation of Ku Klux clans; (in cities and towns near camps and cantonments) arranging for churches to invite soldiers and sailors to services and in providing home hospitalities to men in uniform; arranging with fraternal organizations and clubs for smokers and social evenings for soldiers and sailors and for clubs to open their swimming pools, etc., to men in uniform; finding lodgings for wives and families of soldiers and sailors; keeping Honor Rolls of every man from the immediate locality in service, and records of death, wounds or illness; celebrating notable achievements of the Army and Navy of the United States in public meetings; organizing the public against a 'German peace;' improving the mail service to and from men in the service; securing for each returned Allied soldier or sailor the employment to which he is best adapted and that will best reassimilate him into civilian life; assisting each other, and all rightful claimants, and the authorities in bringing about the prompt payment of all legitimate allowances and insurance of soldiers and sailors in the Allied forces; assisting in the detection and disallowance of all fraudulent claims for allowances, insurance or other assistance; such other activities as time and circumstances may warrant.

"'Cooperation has been proposed to be carried thru with the Associated Kin of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, of which Gordon Wright of London, Ont., Canada, is president.

"'Thus will the Next of Kin Society become literally "the Home Line of Defense" thru this organization of the very flesh and blood of our fighting men for their support and protection. The injection of this lifeblood of our soldiers and sailors will give the element of personal interest, the ever present thought of doing something for "my man" that is, in so many States and cases, now lacking, with the inevitable result that, thru this crystallization of feeling, a powerful force will be created which will make all war work and determination to support the Government the very life of every family in which there is a Next of Kin membership.'

"You can all realize the tremendous power for good this society can wield. Its force will be so great that it can accomplish any task to which it is set. It can compel grasping manufacturers to be satisfied with legitimate profits. It can compel legislators in both the State and National capitals to heed its warnings and demands. And it can do this because it is composed of men and women whose dearest ones are in the service of the country.

"But mind you, it is not a political organization nor will its tremendous power be diverted to party politics.

"Its only purpose is to protect the interests of the men, who are fighting for us to win this war, and to see that they and their families are not stabbed in the back.

"It is the one of the innumerable organizations that have been started since the war began that is purely and simply an organization of the heart.

"Other organizations are of the head, or combinations of the head and heart.

"The Next of Kin is of the heart because, as it says in the gospel of Luke, chapter 13, verse, 34: 'For where your treasure is, there is your heart also,' and every blood relative of a man in the service of the United States of America knows that his, or her, chief treasure is that relative who has offered his life to his country, and that is where his, or her, heart will be found.

"Now the organization of the Next of Kin Society is national. Its governing body is a board of five trustees, composed of men and women of national—even international—prominence. Their offices will be in Washington, which is the headquarters for the National Chapter.

"State Chapters are being organized in every State in the Union. Their officers will consist of a chairman, a secretary and a treasurer, with headquarters wherever the member may select.

"The State Chapters will be divided into County and Neighborhood Chapters, with similar officers.

"The headquarters of the County Chapters will be at the various county seats.

"Neighborhood Chapters will be located in towns and rural districts, with headquarters where the members choose.

"Each Chapter will have its committees to take up the activities mentioned in the pamphlet I read to you. These committees will cooperate with those of other nationally recognized organiza-organizations, to avoid confusion and duplication of work. The funds for the society are obtained from the sale of the heart insignia and by private subscription.

"It may interest you to know that we have already formed a Wells Neighborhood Chapter in our locality, of which I have the honor to be chairman—and I trust all of you who are eligible to the Society will join without delay. Our fighting men and their families must be protected and no one will do so much to protect them as their own flesh and blood."

For several moments after Lovell finished describing the Next of Kin Society there was a silence over the guests who had listened with intense eagerness to the details of the organization which Beth Nelson finally broke by exclaiming:

"Im going to join that Society if I have to go out and kidnap a soldier and marry him!"

This outburst of frivolity broke the tension that had been caused by the clash between Lovell and the aged steel magnate. But the previous merriment gave place to discussion of The Next of Kin and the asking of countless questions of Lovell.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM WEALTH TO POVERTY.

WITH Dick's departure for camp with his quota, the Howe household turned to face its changed condition.

"Now that I am a really, truly member of the family, you must let me use my money to pay our expenses," declared Marie, as she and Judith sat in Mrs. Howe's room.

"You will pay your share and no more," returned Judith. "Dick has left enough income for mother to live on and I shall find some work by which I will be able to support myself."

"But what can you do?" demanded her new sister. "You've had no business training. They don't pay enough to salesgirls in stores for them to live on. You're not a trained worker of any kind, so I don't see how you can expect to support yourself."

"Well, I will, just the same," flared Judith. "There is a place for every woman today. I can go into a munitions factory, if nothing else. They pay good wages."

"Now, don't be absurd, sister mine," pleaded Marie. "Here I have plenty of money, more than I know what to do with, and, as Dick's wife, I certainly should be allowed to help you."

"I appreciate your offer, but I can't accept it, Marie. I am not a parasite—and I never will be one. And that makes me think. Before you count too much on having your money, you'd best go down to the bank and fix things so that you will continue to have it. You remember what Jaynes threatened to do."

At this reminder of her stepfather's words, coupled with her mother's disclosures about him, the bride blanched.

"I'd forgotten," she murmured. "We'll go down town right away and arrange matters. As Dick's wife, I must have a standing in law that I didn't have before. Will you go with me?"

"Of course," and both girls arose and went for their hats.

Just as they were ready to leave, the telephone rang.

"It's for you, Marie," said Judith, holding the instrument out to her, "and your mother is on the wire."

With a sinking heart, the bride put the telephone receiver to her ear.

"Yes, this is I, mater," she said. "What? Say that again! . . . Not really? But he couldn't—There must be some mistake. What? Yes, yes! We'll come right down." But as she hung up the receiver the bride of a few hours burst into tears.

"What is it?" asked Judith, who had realized from the scraps of conversation that something was wrong.

"Th-that ogre has drawn all my and the mater's money from the bank!" sobbed Marie.

"What shall we do?" And she wrung her hands, hopelessly, as she wept.

"Why, you'll both have to go to work," returned Judith. "That is, of course, if we can't recover any of the money. For the present however, you must dry your eyes. It won't add to your appearance to have red eyes and we must not let mother know yet. At least, not until we have been down town and learned exactly how things stand."

Realizing the soundness of her new sister-in-law's words, Marie made a brave effort to check her crying and quickly they left the house.

On the way to the street car, Judith stopped when they rached the drug store.

"Where was your mother when she telephoned?" she asked.

"At the Madison."

"Good. I suppose she is still there."

"Why surely. Didn't I tell her we'd be right down?"

"Well, I'm going to 'phone her that we won't be there for about an hour. I want to talk to Mr. Lovell. He's a lawyer and can tell us what to do."

"But the mater and I don't know him very well and—er—the mater hasn't been overcordial to Mrs. Lovell. I think we'd best try some one else."

"I don't. Robert Lovell is a good friend of Dick's. Besides, he's a Next of Kin. You remember the long talk he gave us about it after the wedding. Honestly, I thought he never was going to stop. But when I happened to look at old Horace Harley and saw that he was really interested, I would have been willing to listen all night. It shows that there must be something to this Next of Kin Society or Mr. Harley wouldn't have remained all thru it. Anyhow, both you and I are eligible to The Next of Kin—and here's a chance to put both the society and Lovell to the proof."

"Skyrocket, you're a wonder!" exclaimed the bride, gazing at her new sister in open admiration. "How in the world you know enough to do or think of these things, is beyond me. I never should have thought of it."

"You'll learn fast enough, that is, if Jaynes really has run off with your money. There's nothing like poverty to sharpen one's wits."

"But suppose Mr. Lovell refuses to help us," pursued Marie, entirely inclined to look on the dark side of life.

"Then we'll go to the American Protective League headquarters. Dick told me the man to see there. His name's Saunders." And they entered the drug store where Judith went into the telephone booth and called the Madison Hotel.

Bidding Mrs. Jaynes be of good cheer, when the connection was established, Judith told her that it would be at least an hour before they joined her, after which the two girls started on their mission.

Fortune, for the moment, favored them and they found Lovell at his office.

With the keenest interest and sympathy, he listened to Judith's statement of the facts.

"First, I'll call the bank," he said, as she finished. "I happen to know the cashier intimately."

When he had obtained the connection

Lovell received the information that Jaynes had withdrawn the deposits of Marie, as her guardian, on the previous afternoon and all the money of Mrs. Jaynes on a check supposedly signed by her, which he had in blank, filling in the amount when the teller told him the sum to her credit.

"The mater never signed such a check," exclaimed Marie, when Lovell told her about it. "That—er—Mr. Jaynes forged her name. I just know he did."

"We can readily learn about that from your mother," returned the lawyer. "From what Judith has told me, I'm inclined to agree with you. Before we do anything more, however, suppose we go to the American Protective League. As Dick already has reported Jaynes, they may have some information on him."

Accordingly they left Lovell's offices and in due course were admitted to Mr. Saunders' private office, where Lovell quickly told him of the latest developments in the case.

"I'm afraid your money is lost to you—er—Mrs. Howe," Saunders said. "From our reports, Jaynes left the city last night."

The announcement sent the bride of a few hours, who had just learned that she had been reduced from wealth to poverty, into tears.

"How did you find out?" asked Judith.

"That we cannot tell you," the inspector of the American Protective League replied. "But the source of our information is reliable. Orders have been sent out to all American Protective League offices to be on the watch for Jaynes. We shall locate him, sooner or later. The league has men everywhere and in all walks of life and it never fails."

"But what shall the mater and I do in the meanwhile?" inquired Marie, dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief. "We have only a few dollars between us."

"Don't worry about that," said Judith. "You know we are all together now and everything will come out all right. Why—your mother has some jewelry, has she not?"

"Yes—but she has only a couple of rings with her. She left the others in the safe when we left that—er, Mr. Jaynes."

"He probably took them with him," said Inspector Saunders. "Anyhow, our operatives are going to search the house and we will know for sure then—when we get in."

"You mean you can't get in?" asked Lovell, sharply.

"That is just what I mean," said the inspector, frowning. "The house is protected by a network of wires heavily charged with electricity. The doors and windows—every one of them—are so heavily charged that it is impossible to break them in. And, in addition, it is guarded by a man on the inside who is armed with a powerful rifle and equipped with a Maxim silencer. One of our operatives who attempted to force the door received a shock of tremendous voltage. He is unconscious still. Later we called in the police and an electrician, wearing rubber gloves, approached the house to investigate and was wounded slightly by a bullet, altho no one heard a report."

"I'll bet it's Keller, the butler, inside," said Marie, who like the others, was absorbed in the story briefly sketched by the inspector. "You will remember that mother saw him helping carry in that box that night."

"You may be right," said the inspector. "Why all this mystery I wish I knew. It seems strange that Jaynes should flee the city and leave an accomplice behind, locked in the house. Undoubtedly there is something in there which they do not want to be discovered. The odds are all against Keller if it is really he in there. He might know that sooner or later he will be compelled to give up. But it's just like a hard-headed German. They don't stop to reason."

"Keller isn't German," said Marie. "He always told us he was a native of Holland."

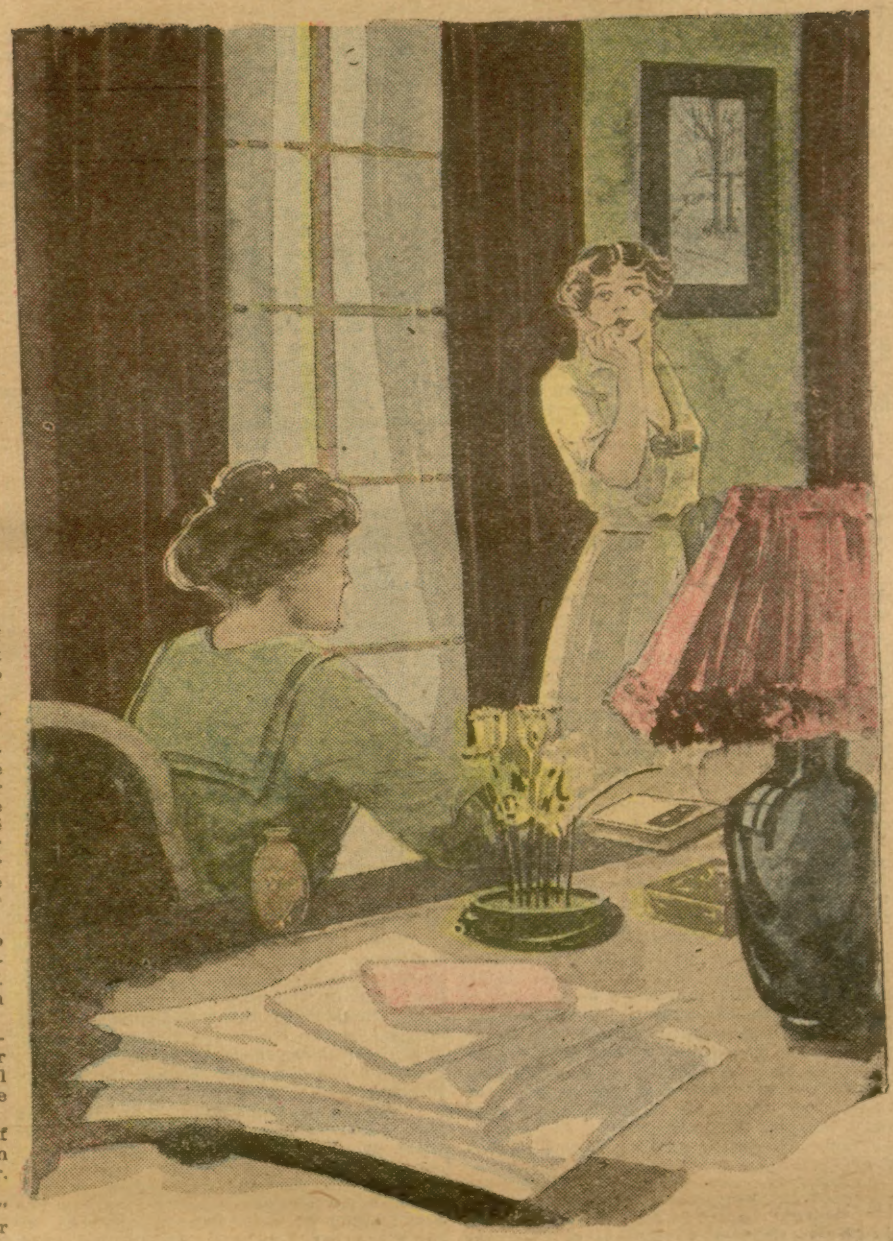
"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Howe, but he is German born and retains his allegiance to the Kaiser, just as does Jaynes, which, by the way, is not his right name. We have positive proof against both of them. As a matter of fact, we had been investigating both of them before Dick reported. Neither of them registered under the alien enemy law and we were taking steps to have them interned. But I can't tell you any more about them now. I have an appointment within a few minutes and I must ask you to excuse me. You may be sure, however, that I will keep you posted."

CHAPTER X.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"JAYNES is certainly proving himself a thoro Hun," exclaimed Lovell, as he accompanied the girls from the league offices. "I only hope——" then he checked himself abruptly.

"You only hope what?" asked Marie.



"I Am Not a Parasite—and Never Will Be One!"

"That they get him," returned the lawyer, tho what he had intended to say was that he hoped Jaynes would not follow the usual course of the Germans by wreaking his vengeance on either his wife or stepdaughter or the women of the Howe household.

Realizing, however, that the nerves of the bride of a few hours, on whose lips the parting kiss of her husband as he left to join the colors had scarcely died before she was attacked by the enemy might give way, he wisely refrained from giving voice to his fears.

But Judith caught his meaning and alarm, when he suggested, as they entered the Madison Hotel, that it might do Mrs. Jaynes and the members of the Howe household good to get away to the country for a few days.

"There's no use of mincing matters, Mr. Lovell," she said. "We can't afford it. How much ready money Dick left mother, I don't know. Naturally, it is no large amount. From what Marie says, she and her mother soon will be without funds. As Dick's wife, Marie will, of course, receive a share of the money he left. And just as naturally we shall provide for Mrs. Jaynes. I am going to find a job as soon as we have had our conference with Marie's mother."

"And so am I," asserted the bride of a few hours, bravely.

"When you are normal again, you mean," corrected Judith. "Just at present you couldn't do anything."

"I could, too," Marie stoutly protested.

"Now, Marie, listen to common sense," exclaimed Judith. "It is of the utmost importance that you keep your health. If you get ill, what little money we have will be gone in no time. So it's your first duty to Dick and to your mother and mine and to me for you to keep well. Just think how it would worry Dick to learn you were ill. So get any notion of trying to find work out of your head, at least for a week. By that time you will be all right again. Perhaps by then the league will have caught Jaynes. Don't you think I am right, Mr. Lovell?" and she turned to the lawyer.

"Everlastingly right, Judith. And don't worry about money, either of you. Dick's friends will be only too glad of the opportunity of showing our appreciation of what he has done."

"Please remember that we are not objects of charity, Mr. Lovell," she replied.

At the hotel Marie's mother was found in a state of collapse. She was able, however, to tell them that she had received a telephone call from some man whose voice she was unable to recognize and who had told her that she must at once use her authority as Jaynes' wife to have stopped the effort to enter her old home or trouble would result for her.

"He seemed to think that I had detectives trying to break into the house," she said, being, of course, unaware of what the girls and Mr. Lovell had learned from Inspector Saunders.

"It must be all a mistake, mater. Some one is trying to play a joke on you," said Marie, soothingly. Meanwhile Lovell had taken up the telephone nad asked to be connected with the manager.

"I am coming right down to see you. It is very important," he said after the connection had been established.

Turning to the women he bade them lock the door after his departure and not open it until he returned when he would knock three times.

"One thing more, please, Mrs. Jaynes. Did Jaynes have any blank checks signed by you?"

"No."

"Did you sign any check drawing out your account from the Central Bank?"

"No, indeed."

"All right. I shall be back soon."

Arrived at the manager's office, Lovell explained such of the circumstances as he deemed advisable.

"Time is precious," Lovell added. "What I want to know is this. Can you protect Mrs. Jaynes in this hotel?"

"Of course I can."

"Will you?"

"Surely."

"Then this is what I want you to do, in addition to any measures you may choose to take of your own accord. You must keep a guard over Mrs. Jaynes' door. Admit no one to her room except her daughter, Judith Howe or myself, or any one with me. I shall have with her in her room a nurse, who I'll take up myself as soon as she and a physician arrive."

The manager nodded and Lovell returned to Mrs. Jaynes room from which he telephoned to her physician, requesting him to come to the hotel with a trustworthy nurse, and to send word to the room on his arrival.

Each occupied with their own thoughts of the mystery which had so suddenly come upon them, they awaited the arrival of the doctor and nurse in silence. And when, at last, the telephone rang, even Lovell started.

It proved to be the announcement of the expected arrival and the lawyer went downstairs and accompanied them to Mrs. Jaynes' room at once. He was gratified to notice that two men were on guard outside the door.

"There's no need to tell you what to do," he said to the nurse after he had explained things. "You are simply to be on watch all the time, in addition to carrying out any instructions Dr. Perkins may leave. If Mrs. Jaynes' condition permits I shall have her removed tonight. In the meantime, Perkins, please make her as comfortable as possible. I fancy," he added, significantly, "that a heavy sleep would be the best thing for her. At least, it would prevent her dwelling on that note."

"I understand," returned the physician.

"Good!" said Lovell. "And now I will leave you with her, as I have important matters to attend to."

With anxious hearts the girls and the lawyer bade adieu to Mrs. Jaynes, and soon were speeding on their way to the Howe home.

As they passed the house in which she had until so recently lived, but that had now become the home of grim tragedy, Marie leaned from the window of the taxicab to gaze at it. Then, with a shudder, she drew back into the cab.

CHAPTER XI.

A CLEW.

"I BELIEVE, Mr. Lovell, that I have a clew to the whereabouts of Malcolm Jaynes," said Mrs. Howe, after she had been told all that had transpired.

"Good," exclaimed the lawyer. "I am convinced now that his capture involves more than the safety of his wife and Marie and that it will turn out that he is a dangerous enemy to our government."

"I would suggest, then, that the search for him be made particularly close in the vicinity of Rawley, a little town on the Mexican border in Texas. One time when I was calling upon his wife he received a telegram which upset him very much. He tore it into bits after reading it and a piece fluttered to the floor at my feet. It bore the address of Rawley. Immediately Mr. Jaynes announced that he had received a message of the utmost importance and must leave on a trip to the West at once. His wife asked him where he was going and he answered evasively. It was none of my affair, of course, so I never did find out where he went."

"That is a clew well worth following up," declared the lawyer. "With your permission I will use the telephone."

Quickly Judith guided him to the instrument, where he called the headquarters of the American Protective League. In the absence of Saunders the lawyer called for the man in charge himself to whom he disclosed the suggestion made by Mrs. Howe.

As he rejoined the women, a pleasant smile was on his face.

"I really believe that thru your suggestion, Mrs. Howe, we shall catch Jaynes," he said. "The young man to whom I just telephoned told me that the League had got trace of him, where one of his former acquaintances, a staunch loyalist and a member of the League, chanced to see him, but before word went out for his arrest. His presence there certainly would indicate that he was on his way to Mexico, for Texas isn't a particularly healthy spot for pro-Germans at present. And what is more likely than that he would stop at Rawley on the way down." And how true was this surmise was later to be disclosed.

"And now about yourselves," said Lovell. "You won't misunderstand me, I am sure, when I say that I realize the financial situation of the family. Personally, I think it would be best for all of you to leave town for a while. I know you and Judith too well, Mrs. Howe, to offer you a loan. But I also know this, that Dick has some very valuable stock in a steel comapny. If you will consent I will take this stock as security for, say, $2,500. That amount will enable you to get along very comfortably until matters are straightened out."

"That is very kind of you, Mr. Lovell, replied Mrs. Howe, then, looking at her daughter, she asked: "What do you think, Judith?"

"I think for you and for Mrs. Jaynes and Marie it would be perfectly bully," she answered.

"And why not for you, too?" demanded her new sister.

"Because, as I have told you, I am going to get a job. Besides, I want to be here, 'Johnny on the spot,' while they are rounding up Jaynes and learning the mystery of your former home. It would drive me crazy to be stuck off in some out of the way place, where it would take ages for letters to reach us."

"Well, if you're going to stay, I'm going to, too!" declared Marie. "As the wife of a soldier I am going to remain as near what might be called the firing line as possible."

"I have it," exclaimed Lovell. "Why not let your mother and Mrs. Jaynes go by themselves."

"You forget that mother is an invalid and that Mrs. Jaynes may be even worse," said Judith. "Who would be with them to wait on them?"

"Now, just a minute," interposed the

lawyer. "Mrs. Lovell is planning a little trip for a few weeks and I know that she would be only too delighted to arrange her plans so that she could be with your two mothers."

"Will you do it, mother?" asked Judith, eagerly. And she added, noting the other's hesitation, "With you and Mrs. Jaynes out of the danger zone, it would make things so much easier for the rest of us."

"Would it, Mr. Lovell?" inquired Mrs. Howe.

"Beyond a doubt. Your whereabouts could be kept so secret that none of Jaynes' tools, granting that he has any, could know of it, and it will be a mighty relief to the rest of us to know that you are safe out of harm's way."

"Then we will go. But it will not be necessary to trouble Mr. Lovell for money. Dick has left me enough for nine months, that's the way he put it, the amount being $1,000. That should certainly tide Henrietta and me along while we are away."

Relief at the solution of the problem of protecting her mother and Mrs. Jaynes almost caused Judith to collapse, and to cover her desire to cry, she threw her arms about her mother's neck and hugged her until the elder woman protested.

"When can you start, Mrs. Howe?" asked the lawyer, sharing the joy at the prospect of effectually placing the two women beyond the reach of the man who had so fiendishly threatened them.

"Just as soon as the doctor says that Henrietta can travel."

"Shall I call up the hotel and ask the nurse?" suggested Marie.

"You couldn't reach the nurse," returned Lovell. And in response to the looks of surprise turned upon him, he explained: "I gave certain orders at the Madison for the protection of Mrs. Jaynes. One was that no incoming calls should be received. The nurse can, of course, make any calls that she desires, and she will report on her patient's condition every two hours. Naturally, if anything alarming happens, or her condition grows more serious, the nurse will notify you. But I am going downtown and I will ascertain how soon Mrs. Jaynes can travel and will let you know immediately."

"And your orders to us?" smiled Judith, as the lawyer rose to take his leave.

"To stay in the house here until you receive word from me."

CHAPTER XII.

A PROBLEM SOLVED.

WHEN Lovell reached his office his secretary told him that Horace Harley was in the private office, waiting for him.

Amazed that the steel magnate, for whom he never had had a friendly feeling, should come to see him, the lawyer made his way to the inner room.

"I'm not making any apologies for my being here," said Harley, in his thin, high voice, as Lovell entered and looked at him interrogatively. "I always know what I want and where to get what I want. And because you are the man who can both give me and tell me what I want, I've come to you. In the first place, I want to join this Next of Kin Society. I have a nephew who is in the aviation service, so that gives me the right to belong. I understand that a member can pay whatever he likes, above the few cents actual cost for the heart emblem. Here is my purchase money." And taking from his pocket his bill fold, Harley extracted a check and held it out to Lovell.

The lawyer's lips puckered in a whistle of surprise when he saw that the check was for $10,000 and he realized how much good for the cause could be done with the money.

"I'll have my secretary make out your membership certificate and give you the heart which is the society's emblem," he said, suiting his action to his words, by pressing the buzzer and giving the necessary instructions to the girl who answered, adding: "Mr. Harley will give you the data for the certificate of membership."

When this had been done and the secretary had withdrawn, the lawyer asked: "Anything else?"

"Yes. About the Jaynes and Howe families."

"What about them?" countered Lovell, surprised at the question and wondering how much and what the steel magnate knew.

"They must need money."

"What makes you think that?"

"Women always need money. And——"

"Some women, you mean," corrected Lovell.

The innuendo evoked a grunt from Harley, who continued, ignoring the remark. "I know how much I paid Dick—and he couldn't save much from that, after paying for his mother's and sister's living. I also know that Jaynes has stepped out with the cash of his wife and daughter. It will be harder sledding for them than for the Howes, because they have never known what it is to want anything and not be able to get it. The Howes have learned."

"But why bother me by telling me what I already know?"

"Because I want to help them in some way. I want to do something for Nancy Howe. You may not know it, but if it hadn't been for Thornton Howe she would now be Mrs. Harley, that is, if she would have accepted me."

At this revelation of the aged steel magnate's heart, Lovell was abashed.

"I beg your pardon, Harley," he said. "I didn't know, of course."

"And no one else does know, except myself and Nancy," the millionaire continued. "I know how everlastingly proud she is, and how Judith is. But while I was thinking it over, it occurred to me that I could tell them that I had been paying a higher salary to Dick than they knew about and had held out a certain amount which I had invested for him in a very profitable undertaking."

"Too thin," commented the lawyer. "They probably wouldn't believe you. If they did, they would not believe that Dick did not know how much you were paying him and that he had been deceiving them—which wouldn't be fair to the boy."

"Then what can I do?" And the lines in Harley's face told plainly the disappointment the refusal of his plan caused him.

For several minutes, Lovell was silent, finally saying: "Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Jaynes are going to leave town for a while until we round up Jaynes, so that he cannot carry out his threats against them. Oh, I forgot you didn't know about that," he added, noting the look on Harley's face. Then he quickly outlined the situation. "While they are away Judith and Marie are going to hunt jobs. The only possible way for you to aid them, that I can see, is by giving them work in some of your various enterprises, or using your influence among your friends."

"H-m. What can the girls do? Women aren't much use in business nowadays unless they are trained, which takes years. And they couldn't earn salaries that would be any material help for some time. I could arrange for them to be paid more, of course, but Judith would see thru that too easily. Ah, I have it. Didn't you say yesterday when you were telling us about the Next of Kin that each Chapter had officers?"

"Yes, chairman, secretary and treasurer."

"Well, have you chosen the officers for your Wells Neighborhood Chapter?"

"Not yet," returned the lawyer, amazed to realize how the aged steel magnate had remembered the details of the noble organization.

"Good. Then appoint Judith and Marie as secretary and treasurer. Put which ever one will serve best in the respective position. Pay them each $25 a week. Here's a check to cover their salaries for a year." And taking his check book from his pocket, Harley moved over to Lovell's desk and filled in the requisite amount.

"That settles that," he exclaimed as he gave the check to the lawyer. "Now for Nancy and Mrs. Jaynes. You say Nancy has $1,000. I don't want her to spend a cent of that on this trip. Look here. What do you say to having them take a trip on the lakes in one of my ore boats? The quarters on the Pioneer are sumptuous. I had them fitted out expressly for myself. It would take at least two weeks for them to make the trip from here to Superior and back and by that time the danger will be over, for I will have discovered where Jaynes is in that time—if I have to hire every private detective in the United States. Then besides, being on the water, they would be sure to be safe from any of Jaynes' cronies who might learn of their whereabouts if they were on land. What do you say?"

"That it is the very best thing that could possibly be done for them," returned Lovell. "I should like, however, to have you include in the party some woman who would look out for them."

"Certainly. How about the nurse who is with Mrs. Jaynes now?"

"Splendid, because she could watch over the health of both of them and would know what to do in case either, or both, fell ill. But it would be necessary to let Mrs. Howe pay the cost."

"Pay nothing," retorted Harley. "As a director of the Central Bank, I can notify Mrs. Jaynes that there was a part of her money invested in some securities Jaynes didn't take and that a certain sum is there subject to her check. She won't refuse, because she isn't the same sort of woman Nancy is."

"Harley, I take off my hat to you," declared the lawyer. "I am very glad to find that I really did not know you when I thought I did. You get busy arranging for the trip and I'll call up Perkins and find out when Mrs. Jaynes can be moved."

When told by telephone of the proposed plan, the physician was enthusiastic and declared that his patient could be moved at any time and that he would give the nurse instructions for the trip.

"Then have them at the dock at nine tomorrow morning," said the steel magnate when Lovell had repeated the doctor's words. "Meanwhile, I will see what I can do toward turning Jaynes up. By the way, where are the headquarters of the Wells Neighborhood Chapter of the Next of Kin Society? I should like to know so that I can drop in."

"They are at my house. You go to the side door. There is a sign on it. Just walk in. It is part of our plan that the rooms for the headquarters be in some member's house, and donated, of course, both to save expense and to add to the heart purpose of the organization by making the members realize that it is really a 'home' and intimate society. And I want to tell you, that if you should feel like honoring any other part of my house with your presence, I shall be glad to have you, and so will Mrs. Lovell."

Touched deeply by the realization of the change in the attitude toward him the lawyer's words disclosed, Harley, replied, as he arose from his chair: "That is very handsome of you, Lovell. You were everlastingly right yesterday when you said what you did about the heart and its right place. I'm afraid mine has been, well—not always where it should have been—but from now on it's going to be absolutely right."

And bowing, Harley took the certificate of membership in the Next of Kin Society which the lawyer's secretary brought him, and left the office.

"I'm Afraid Your Money Is Lost to You," Saunders Said.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN UNPLEASANT ADVENTURE.

LOVELL lost no time in calling Judith up and informing her of the happy solution of the two most pressing problems that were worrying the Howe and Jaynes families, tho, fearing from his knowledge of the Howe pride that the elder woman might refuse to accept Harley's hospitality, he refrained from telling her on whose boat the invalids were to travel, merely saying that a friend of his had suggested the lake trip.

Thruout the rest of the day Judith and Marie were busy getting Mrs. Howe's things ready and packed, and, tired and happy, they were just ready for dinner when Lovell called.

"Anything new at the place up the street?" asked Judith.

"Apparently nothing," said the lawyer, who had talked with the detectives on his way over. "The electric current is still holding out. They make tests every hour. How long it will last is merely conjecture. But it doesn't seem that a storage battery giving off the voltage that the one there is giving can continue many hours more. I——"

"A telephone message for young Mrs. Howe," announced the maid.

"It was from the mater," exclaimed Marie, her face smiling as she rejoined the others. "And it is the very best news. It seems that Jaynes overlooked some of the mater's securities when he was cleaning out our estates. Anyhow, the Central Bank has sent the mater a letter to the effect that there is $5,000 to her credit in their vaults and subject to her check. So we'll be able to live a little while, at all events. I'm going to sit right down and write Dick all about it."

"Pardon me for saying it, but you must do nothing of the kind, Marie," declared Lovell. "You are a member of the Next of Kin Society, or will be as soon as the certificate is made out. And one of the strong points in our work is that nothing that will worry our fighting men shall be written to them. Only cheerful things."

"But if you don't call our finding this money cheerful, what is, pray?" demanded the bride of a few hours.

"Certainly, it is cheerful to you and your mother," tho the lawyer could not but wonder if they would feel so happy over it did they know its real source, "but why bother Dick? You'll have to go into details, and that will disclose Jaynes' threats against you, your mother, Judith and his mother. And no matter what else you say you will not be able to down the fear for your safety that will arise in his mind. It would be against human nature if the situation did not cause him worry. And knowing Dick as I do, I know that it would drive him pretty nearly crazy."

"Yes, I suppose you are right," admited Marie, reluctantly. "But it seems hard that I must keep things from him. It almost is like deceiving him."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Skyrocket. "It's a wife's duty to spare her husband all she can and the first rule for a soldier's wife should be to hide everything that would cause him worry."

"For a single woman you know a whole lot about the duties of a wife!" snapped Marie. "I'll listen to Mr. Lovell because he's been thru it—but I certainly will not take orders from an unmarried woman."

"Well, so long as you don't bother Dick I don't care where you get your ideas," laughed Judith, and they bade the man who had done so much for them good night.

Bright and early the members of the Howe household were awake the next morning and what with bringing Mrs. Jaynes from the hotel and getting her and Mrs. Howe to the Pioneer the time passed rapidly.

When the prospective travelers beheld the sign at the entrance to Harley's steel yards Mrs. Howe was amazed and it required all the tact and persuasion of both Judith and Lovell, who accompanied them, to keep her from refusing to embark. In fact, it was not until the lawyer had put the matter on the basis of the personal safety of the two elder women that she finally consented.

Harley, with rare sense, did not put in an appearance, tho had any of the party known where to look, they would have seen him peering from a window of one of the buildings and watching intently their every move as long as they were visible on the deck of the huge ore boat.

Remaining at the dock until the ship

was well on her way out into the lake, the girls and Lovell re-entered his automobile and drove back to the city.

"Unless you have something else to do I would suggest that you come round with me to the headquarters of the Next of Kin Society and get acquainted with your duties and any of the members who may drop in," suggested the lawyer. "And Mrs. Lovell is expecting you to lunch with her."

Eagerly Judith and Marie accepted the suggestion and in due course they arrived at the society's rooms.

"You can arrange it between yourselves which of you will be secretary and which treasurer," said Lovell, as they entered the quarters.

"Marie doesn't know anything about money, so I think I'd better be treasurer," announced Judith. "For I'm sure it must be very necessary to keep the accounts straight," she laughed.

"Now that we have such a competent staff the rooms will be open every evening," said the chairman. "Oh, I don't mean that you two must devote all your evenings to the work. That would be too much, in addition to putting in your days here. But we can arrange with some of our other members to take turns."

The task of showing the new officers the forms they were to use in keeping track of the various activities of the organization, the Honor Rolls and the list of members finally was completed and they went to lunch.

During the afternoon several new members were added to the chapter and in the evening as Mr. and Mrs. Lovell, Judith and Marie were in the reception-room waiting to greet any one who might come in, Esther Holweg, a former school friend of the girls, entered.

From the light in her eyes and her manner it was evident that she was laboring under great excitement, and the others looked at her expectantly after expressing their delight that she was a Next of Kin.

What was the mystery surrounding the Jaynes home, who was Jaynes and what were his reasons for flight? These and other questions which may have been puzzling you will be answered in the next installment.

Adventure a La Carte

By Deber Mack

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Eleanor lived in a flat—alone—and she wondered if any of her neigbors were living in the clutch of romance when lo, it came unbidden into her own drab life.

ELEANOR'S mother, Mrs. Gaines, was a New England housewife before widowhood drove her to wage-earning. That accounts for the fact that every Wednesday and Saturday morning of the two years since Eleanor's graduation from high school, four crisp, tempting loaves of bread cooled on the moulding-board in her kitchenette. The bread was the work of Eleanor's capable hands which performed all the other household tasks as capably.

There was another daughter, Annette, still in school. Her youth and irresponsibility made Eleanor a housekeeper instead of a high-heeled, lace-bloused, marvelously manicured typist. Eleanor's inclinations, to be sure, did not extend in that direction and few would have guessed she had hidden yearnings born of routine and loneliness. But a keen physiognomist might have discovered the vein of romance in the sudden sparkle of her thoughtful gray eyes set in black-fringed oval frames, in the rich glow of cheek and lips, and the alertness of step and carriage. The Marthas are fashioned along soberer lines.

One certain Wednesday, the smell of fresh bread permeated the flat. Eleanor stood wiping the tins absently while she gazed thru the window of her kitchenette. Across the alley the backs of apartment buildings showed nakedly. She wondered if among all those flat-dwellers there was one person in the clutch of romance or adventure. Or were they all conventional and dull, regulated into human machines by Monday's washing, Tuesday"s ironing, Wednesday's baking and the other exciting daily duties? She sighed as she reflected that chance alone brought adventures to some and passed others—herself—completely by.

The bell sounding above her head roused her into activity, the kind which makes one bounce along in a high state of indignation, jerk open the door and thrust forth an aggressive face on the agent who has disregarded the warning on the stairs. Eleanor could have gone thru the swinging doors into the dining-room, with its disappearing bed in the past tense, since it was 10 o'clock, into the living-room with its disappeared bed, into the entrance hall. That was the proper and dignified path to the front door; but being in the before-described state, she bounced from the kitchenette into the back hall and went thru the bathroom into the same tiny entrance hall upon which the living-room opened. In her haste she left all the doors open—a thing she often reproved Annette for doing.

Jerking open the front door, the words "Couldn't you read the sign?" fairly tickling her tongue, she stopped in confusion. A large woman with an air of deep apology asked for a match. The voice was a curious falsetto.

"I'm just moving into the furnished flat next to you," she explained, "and my groceries haven't come yet. I wanted a—a cup of tea."

"Then you will have to come in here to get it," Eleanor hospitably answered, "since your groceries must include the tea as well as the matches." There was something compelling about the stranger in spite of her oddness. Or was it—Eleanor's heart gave a throb—the beginning of an adventure. Instantly she dimissed the idea as absurd.

"I am Miss Kinney," the voice proclaimed as the owner followed into the living-room.

"Miss Kinney," Eleanor repeated vaguely while saying to herself, "I knew it. Nothing exciting about a spinster. Why couldn't she have been a Mrs. Somebody with an adventurous son? Just my luck!"

"Not at all. I don't look it, do I?"

With a gasp Eleanor turned around. "Wha-what do you mean?"

"Skinny. Girls should pay more attention to enunciation. My! how good that bread smells. Is it possible you made it?"

The girl nodded, setting into vibration a soft black curl peeping from beneath the white dust-cap. "Every Wednesday and Saturday. I'll give you a slice with your tea."

The visitor turned back her veil and removed her gloves. Smooth strands of gray hair stretched back beneath the brim, uncompromising hat, but her eyes shone bright behind the thick glasses. Her features were clear-cut with no indication of the portliness at which her figure hinted. She was commanding, incisive, yet contradictory. Eleanor felt both amused and awed as she went about preparing a tea-tray.

"The best bread I ever tasted," Miss Kinney declared when the first slice was finished and she helped herself to another. "I consider this simply wonderful."

"I don't see why," Eleanor argued, yet

Gardener Came Before the Curtain Removing the Prim Hat and Gray Wig.

greatly pleased. What a queer woman Miss Kinney was.

"Don't see?" the spinster echoed, holding her empty cup delicately while gesticulating in remonstrance. "Why aren't you a stenographer? Why did you choose the womanly occupation of housekeeping—making bread, too—instead of selling cheap perfumes in a department store? What have you to say for yourself?"

"I like housekeeping better," Eleanor answered calmly, "and there was Annette, my sister, I mean. As mother said, some one has to look after her. So we worked out a budget which includes my wages as a housekeeper. I have time to myself but——"

As she hesitated with a slight flush, the visitor grew impatient. Setting down her cup, she waggled her forefinger commandingly.

"But what? Out with it."

"I never have any adventures," Eleanor blurted. "If I were in an office I'd see people. I wouldn't be fitted into a niche and forgotten. The girls I know are too busy working to make me their friend. I'm protected, respected and dejected, for I am young."

Soberly nodding, Miss Kinney appeared to be making an inventory of the girl's attractions; for after a moment she asked abruptly: "Didn't you ever have a beau? No? That's funny. Not even the grocer boy or the milkman?"

"I didn't encourage them." The lift of her chin gave emphasis to the plural pronoun.

"They would have given you practice."

Eleanor's eyes were scintillating mischief. "Is that what I need? Are you offering me a leaf from your own experience?"

"From my lack of it," was the prompt rejoinder while the dark eyes twinkled behind their solemn glasses. "I didn't learn young enough that adventure is a menu card which you can order according to your taste. Fate, the chef, always manages to surprise us with a new flavor, however." Miss Kinney helped herself to the last slice of bread while Eleanor sighed.

"I suppose I should order the wrong thing and not like it," she observed.

"For instance?"

"Well," hesitating before the avowal, "a romantic mystery."

"Oh-ho! That? It might come high and would take time to prepare. Have you the price?"

"I didn't suppose one paid for it."

"For everything worth while—and for many things that are not; we pay with our emotions, our youth, our bodies, sometimes even our principles. But heavens! I'm preaching. Will you sell me the balance of this loaf? Can you make your semi-weekly stunt six loaves and sell me two?"

Eleanor shook her head. "You may have what is left of this, but my oven accommodates but four loaves at a baking. Fate, you see, is short on the staff of life." With the coveted bread in her hands Miss Kinney energetically departed, a trail of thanks floating backward until she closed the door.

While arranging her freshly baked bread Saturday morning Eleanor was thinking of Miss Kinney, whom she had neither seen nor heard after the strange visit. Annette was away for a music lesson. To insure moisture the tins were covering the inverted loaves; and before removing them Eleanor decided to carry the garbage down to the can. As she returned she whisked out a fly before hooking the back hall screen door at the head of the stairs. After entering the kitchenette she closed the door and after lifting the first bread-tin, saw the loaf was gone; a silver quarter met her bewildered gaze.

Only for a moment was she mystified. Miss Kinney, of course. When she could not in one way get what she wanted, she used other means. The nerve of that woman! She must have slipped in at the front door while Eleanor was downstairs. With her chin lifted, Eleanor marched to Miss Kinney's door and rang the bell. Altho there was no response, she pressed the button steadily. At length she placed her lips against the keyhole.

"Miss Kinney! Miss Kinney! I smell my bread. I am pushing your money under the door. Either return that loaf or I will call an officer."

There was a muffled exclamation inside. The door opened a crack and a dollar rolled against Eleanor's foot. "I can't return the bread," a masculine voice explained, "for I have eaten part of it already. Won't this pay for it? Aunt Betsey didn't tell me how she annexed such dandy bread before she left just now. I hope you won't make any trouble. I—I'm not supposed to be here. Any row about the bread might——" The voice trailed off anxiously. Thru the crack Eleanor could hear the man's breath coming quickly.

For a moment she lingered undecidedly before she thrust the dollar thru the crack. "I don't want your money." She turned away quickly.

The coin struck her heels while the voice pursued in remonstrance. "Oh, but wait! You must take the money, don't you see, else Aunt Betsey might come up against the law. She's no Jean Valjean, you know, only just a determined spinster with a good heart and ——er—peculiarities. Please take the dollar."

The uneasy money jingled against the door and Eleanor delivered her ultimatum. "You can pass out ten cents and I will take it as pay; but tell your aunt she must let my bread alone."

"Thanks. I'll deliver your message with such additional frills that she will glue her optics to her pedal extremities before she attempts any sudden transitions, either physical or moral. Seriously——" But Eleanor's door slammed almost as soon as the dime landed at her feet.

She was in a state of perturbation. There was a man, to be sure, a nephew, in hiding. Somehow Eleanor fancied him young, with laughing eyes, curly hair and long eyelashes; the kind of boy always in a scrape, but not vicious; oh, dear no! Not with that thrilly voice. Nevertheless, prudence whispered a warning. For two days she kept the front door locked and the back screen hooked; but when she neither saw nor heard any one in the next flat, she relaxed her vigilance, deciding they must have gone away. She experienced a flutter of regret at the end of a promising mystery.

Bread morning again. While taking the loaves from the oven Eleanor heard some one go into the back door of the flat adjoining and immediately Miss Kinney's words occurred to her: "Adventure is a menu card from which you can order according to your taste." But what was the use of ordering if one didn't know the price and couldn't pay it, anyhow? Again Miss Kinney's words returned with insistence: "We pay with our emotions . . . sometimes even with our principles." Then, Eleanor reasoned, she should have sacrificed prudence and conventions and taken the only semblance of a path leading away from deadly dullness, in place of shutting herself off from adventure. What a pity she refused to sell bread. Was it too late? She caught up a golden-brown loaf and reached into a drawer for waxed paper; but deciding

the bread was too warm to wrap, she laid both down and went to the bathroom to tidy her hair.

When she returned ten minutes later the loaf was gone. Since the screen was hooked, whoever committed the theft entered and left by way of the front door. Running back into the bathroom to pass into the entrance hall, she found that door locked. A bit alarmed, she darted back to the other exit, the door by which she had just come. It also refused to yield. She was locked in, possibly for the purpose of robbery, she decided, while she considered the wisdom of calling for help. The bathroom window opened on the light-well and voices could be heard there distinctly. She was tiptoeing in that direction when a voice, unmistakably that of Miss Kinney's nephew, sounded in subdued warning.

"No yelling, now! Give me your promise to be still and I'll give you mine that no harm shall come to you. Shall I open the door so we can reach an understanding?"

There was a moment's silence while Eleanor decided. He could open the door when he chose, anyway, but—— A thought occurring transfixed her with shining eyes and hands clasped in ecstacy. This was adventure, unsought, mysterious and thrilling, yet full of possibilities. So she walked close to the door and calmly called, "Let me out, please. I will be quiet."

When she walked out she faced the nephew who held under his arm the purloined loaf wrapped in waxed paper. To her disappointment there was no hint of a weapon and he looked far from terrifying. But the index finger laid against his lips somewhat compensated for the absence of other essentials to villainy, and he took her hand and tiptoed thru the back hall and into the kitchenette with due impressiveness. An insistent peal of the doorbell brought them to a standstill. They faced each other with inquiring eyes and lips parted in excitement.

"It's for me," the man whispered. Even in her trepidation Eleanor smiled at having judged that voice the possession of a curly-haired, long-eyelashed boy. Why, he was every inch a man, somewhat resembling his aunt, but with a graceful and distinguished bearing. "That man out there has a warrant for my arrest. Can you hide me? Will you lie to him, tell him you have never seen any one answering my description? Have you compassion for a stranger who has stolen your bread and locked you in your own bathroom? I won't hold you to your promise. But answer me: Shall I try the back stairs and possibly fall into ambush, or will you aid me?"

So thoroly was Eleanor in the grip of adventure that she acted automatically. Without a word she shoved him beneath the sink, at the sides of which were rows of drawers, darted into the dining-room, snatched a tablecloth from a buffet drawer and flung one end over the bread on the board which she placed across the sink, allowing the other end to fall as a curtain over the recess where the fugitive crouched. Deliberately she went to answer the pealing bell. A young man gruffly showed a star under the lapel of his coat.

"I have reason to believe you are harboring a criminal," he stated as he pushed past Eleanor, his eyes ferreting out every possible hiding-place. Swinging out the disappearing bed he leaped into the closet-dressing-room at the back.

Impelled by the mixture of emotions she did not stop to analyze, Eleanor acted with efficient haste. She quickly turned the door, to the back of which the bed was attached, until the aperture was closed, when snatching a book from a nearby table, she inserted a portion under the lower part of the door. The thick book back stopped the door from swinging outward and kept the officer a prisoner.

"Here, none of that!" he protested. "You are resisting an officer. Let me out."

"We will let the matter go before Judge Delancy," she answered, using the name of the only guardian of the law she could remember. "He can decide if a fellow with a tin star has any business invading one's privacy without even an explanation."

There was a muffled sound of clapping in the direction of the other invader before the closet prisoner made angry protest.

"Say! You'd find out this star is the real goods, young lady. But I may have been a bit hasty. Let's talk things over."

"Presently. I was just going to put my bread away when you came, so please excuse me while I attend to that." She hurried to the fugitive.

"Go at once. The front door is unlocked," she whispered as Miss Kinney's nephew scrambled to his feet. "Go thru the bathroom. Here's your bread." She thrust the wrapped loaf into his hands.

"You're a brick!" the man exclaimed, almost forgetting to whisper. His dark eyes glowed with admiration as she placed a slim warning finger on her lips. "If I'd known you longer, I would say you are a dear. There, don't look that way—I didn't say it. Anyhow, we'll meet again." He was gone before she realized she had nodded assent instead of negation.

She took her time about putting the bread away. When she returned she was

"I Do Not Wish to Meet the—the Gentleman."

humming a gay little tune. Removing the book from beneath the closet door she called sweetly, "Come out."

The wrathful prisoner emerged. But once he saw the mischief in Eleanor's face, his own cleared and he laughed rather sheepishly. "You're a pretty smart young lady," he remarked judiciously. "Why didn't you scream?"

"I'm no prima donna," came the retort. "I act."

"Yes, mighty promptly," he conceded. "Where's the man I'm after?"

"I don't know. Were you after a man? You didn't say so."

"Pretty smart. I'll have to confess that this is my first case and I've bungled it. You see, I'm putting myself thru college and in order to help out, I went to detecting. I got this fellow spotted and was sure I could take him single-handed, but, blame it! I've lost out and will lose the reward. But, say! that chap was here when I came. I saw him come in and I heard his confounded applause. You've helped him make a getaway."

"I don't know what you are talking about," Eleanor retorted with a show of indignation and some departure from truth. "When you invaded my home, I was talking to Miss Kinney's nephew, who lives in the adjoining flat. He ran in for a loaf of bread and went away soon after. Didn't you hear him go out at the front door?"

A sudden alarm swept the man's face which Eleanor really noticed for the first time. It was a good-natured, irresponsible, young face. Her unworded judgment was that vaudeville would eventually claim him.

"Honest, little girl, are you as chummy with him as that? Because I have sisters I'm going to warn you against that fellow. He's a bad one, who lies and steals and is absolutely without principle. Probably you'll know soon why I'm here. But I beg of you not to speak to him again. He's—he's a deceiver. I guess I don't have to say more."

"This is the only time I have seen him." Eleanor explained with dignity. "You can see I'd have no motive for hiding him. I am sorry for his aunt, who seems a decent sort, even if she is somewhat peculiar."

The visitor shook his head. "Give her a wide berth, too. A case of the pot and kettle. Don't get mixed up with them."

"Thank you," murmured the girl gratefully. It was one thing to have adventures and another to become involved in complications. "They really thrust themselves on me."

"If they try it again, just let me know. Here is my card."

Eleanor inspected the correct bit of cardboard on which was neatly engraved, "Mr. Charles Warren Saunders."

"This isn't your business card. There is no address."

"Professional cards are out of date," he lied glibly. "My address is the Sigma Chi house, member of that frat, you know."

"Oh! doesn't it seem a bit inconsistent to have engraved visiting cards and belong to a fraternity while depending upon sleuthing to pay expenses? Or, perhaps this isn't your card. You see, you have put into my mind suspicion without discrimination. But I am open to enlightenment."

The young man laughed while he leaned forward confidentially. "I was a Sigma Chi with visiting cards before my dad saw fit to blow up in business. I stay on at the house, for it's cheaper than staying anywhere else and the boys give me odd jobs there. It's my card, all right. If you are from Missouri, I can bring you a letter of introduction from the college president. In fact," he added eagerly, "if you'll let me, I will do it."

Eleanor was about to decline the offer and declare her indifference when something whispered, "Why not go on with the adventure? So far it hasn't cost much. You will be paying only with your time."

So she answered with a tantalizing smile, "I will read the letter if you get it. Good morning." She rose briskly.

No sooner had he bowed himself out rather grandly and Eleanor had dropped into the nearest chair to clap her hands gleefully over the adventure, when the bell rang once more. Charles Warren Saunders stood with an ingratiating air of humility.

"I gave you my name, you know," he began.

"I didn't take it," she responded demurely.

"Not yet, but maybe you will," with an audacious laugh. "I just wanted to find out to whom the president will address the letter."

"'To Whom It May Concern,' will do."

"Come, now. I could find out by inquiring downstairs, but I don't want to start neighbors speculating. Sisters of my own, you know."

The truth and delicacy of the statement appealed to Eleanor, who saw no reason for withholding the information. "If I had engraved visiting cards, which I haven't, since my father's death precluded such nonessentials, they would read, 'Miss Eleanor Gaines'."

"Thank you. I see where Eleanor Gaines a steady." He was gone before the girl could summon a fitting rebuke.

There was an air of unreality about the house as the girl performed her tasks the next morning. No sound had come from the next flat, but something told her she had not seen the last of Miss Kinney and her worthless nephew. What a pity he bore such a bad reputation. In spite of it he looked clean and fine, and his aunt was the last person in the world to suspect of being anything but a good-hearted, shrewd, eccentric spinster. But the warning was not to be disregarded. She sharply chided herself when she began wondering what the nephew's name could be. Perhaps he had various aliases. She mustn't even think of him.

Late in the afternoon Miss Kinney stood at the door when Eleanor responded to the summons. Without invitation she walked in and seated herself. Eleanor was sure she had just come from her nephew, for the odor of cigar smoke lingered in her vicinity. Remembering the warning of Charles Warren Saunders, the girl seated herself soberly.

"What did that idiot tell you yesterday?" the spinster demanded.

"Your nephew?"

"Certainly not. His pursuer."

"Mr. Charles Warren Saunders? I don't know that I am bound to repeat our very interesting conversation."

For an instant Miss Kinney's thick glasses rested on the girl before the eyes behind twinkled appreciatively.

"I see you have taken my advice," she chuckled. Her odd falsetto voice made the sound almost a cackle.

"What do you mean?"

"Practice. Of course Charlie isn't the grocer boy or the milkman, but——" Miss Kinney's expressive shrug ranked him outside the eminently desirables.

"Not at all," Eleanor protested. "He seemed so friendly."

"Charlie's the biggest liar I know. I suppose he said all sorts of things to our discredit."

Eleanor was silent.

"Well, believe him if you want to. What I came to say is that I am under tremendous obligations to you for your consideration of my nephew yesterday. He wishes me to tell you he is quite safe and that when a certain matter is settled to his satisfaction, he is coming for another loaf of bread. I am leaving until after the twelfth. Won't have a minute till then, but I shall be back. Then we can look up adventures, eh? Good-by, my dear."

As she stood somewhat dazed, Eleanor could hear Miss Kinney descending the stairs. The girl felt an unlimited disgust that her inexperience with the world hampered her decision as to whom to believe. Perhaps they were all a bad lot, and she would better tell her mother about the occurrences and abide by her undoubted advice to have nothing further to do with any of the three. But at that Eleanor's other self rose bristling. What? Turn down the mystery which was proving as baffling as she could desire? Absurd! cowardly! No, no! she must make the most of the exciting events without committing herself to any one. But she felt herself a chameleon.

When, therefore, a few evenings later Mr. Charles Warren Saunders presented himself with a letter of introduction to Mrs. Gaines, Eleanor received him with some appearance of cordiality. His explanation to her mother showed that careful attention to detail that marked his entire bearing. Mrs. Gaines was more impressed with the loneliness Charles Warren so artistically hinted, than by the letter from the college president's secretary. Even a hard-headed business woman found plausible excuse for the young man's forceful, yet correct entrance into her family circle. He made himself so agreeable before his departure at the proper time that she cordially invited him to come again, which he did the following day, choosing the afternoon instead of the evening. He explained he had to "cut a class," but it didn't matter. He was expecting a "canning," anyway.

Eleanor could not understand why a strange reticence existed between them. He did not once refer to the events leading to their acquaintance, and lest he construe her curiosity into undue interest in Miss Kinney's nephew, the girl kept silent on that subject; but her mind was occupied by the two meteoric acquaintances. She wished Charles Warren would talk about them instead of reciting gushy poetry containing references to lovely gray eyes and soft black locks, sweet red lips and gracious manners. She made up her mind to snub Charles Warren if once he intimated those sentiments were his. Yet she found him pleasant company when he continued to call, and gladly accepted his invitation to attend a college play.

He took her in a smart-looking car which he drove with the familiarity born of experience. Eleanor was moved to remark impersonally, "Detecting must be looking up."

"Oh, I'm chauffing now," he explained uneasily.

The curtain rose almost before they were seated. She had no time to look over the program, therefore, and indeed was just removing her hat and had not glanced at the stage, when she was electrified by a familiar falsetto voice. "Adventure is a menu card from which you can order according to your taste," it announced. She lifted amazed eyes. In front of the curtain Miss Kinney was delivering a prologue. Thru the brief speech and amidst the tumultuous applause Eleanor was thinking hard. She could see her escort regarding her with amusement and a tinge of anxiety, too. Was she brought there to be humiliated and confused? Never! With a puzzled smile she turned to her companion as the speaker retired and the curtain rose.

"Clever, indeed; but where have I heard that voice and seen that garb? Both seem familiar."

Charles Warren regarded her curiously. No doubt he expected different behavior. He squirmed guiltily and followed her evident inclination to ignore

any previous knowledge of Miss Kinney.

"That is Meade Gardner, a senior and a member of the Signa Chis. He wrote the play and is taking the old-maid part. It's pretty hot stuff, I guess."

While Eleanor smiled, she raged inwardly. The assurance of that man Gardner! Her cheeks burned at the thought of his insolence. To invade her home, steal her bread, patronize her, foist upon her a fake nephew and pursuing officer and then to humiliate her further by this joke was too much. But who was the third man, the nephew? He—he seemed different. "Perhaps that will be explained in the play, too," suspicion whispered. But they shouldn't score another joke on her.

So, to the amazement of her escort, she failed to recognize "Miss Kinney," the name on the program, she discovered. Apparently she enjoyed the comedy more than did Charles Warren; and not until the end was she in danger of betraying herself. When at the repeated calls of "Author! Author!" Gardner came before the curtain, removed the prim hat and gray wig and thanked his friends for their appreciation, the girl sat in stony silence; for the voice and face belonged to Miss Kinney's nephew. Rallying quickly, she turned to her escort who was watching her closely.

"Tremendously clever," she averred with a laugh. "I'm under obligations to you for bringing me to see this play." He looked displeased.

A short time later, when Eleanor and Charles Warren were seated in a restaurant waiting for the appearance of the lavish order given by that gentleman, the playwright entered with the other members of the cast. He was about to seat himself when he saw Eleanor. The smile of recognition faded as he observed his fraternity brother. He strode to their table.

"Charlie," he ordered, "present me to Miss Gaines."

Eleanor's gray eyes regarded him coolly.

"Mr. Saunders," she checkmated, "I hope my enunciation is not too poor for you to understand that I do not wish to meet the gentleman."

The playwright's face turned a deep red before it grew ominously dark.

"We'll settle later, Charlie," he promised as he turned away.

Before Eleanor determined just what to do, Charles Warren spoke miserably.

"I hope you'll forgive my part in this, Miss Gaines. You know how a chap loves a lark and when Meade asked me to impersonate an officer, I borrowed the star from one of our fellows who is a detective."

"Isn't that a legal offense? But it doesn't matter so far as I am concerned. I have no use for a liar. And was it the completion of the rich joke when he had you bring me here to see the finale?"

"He hadn't a thing to do with that, believe me. I told him I wouldn't give him away, but a play's a public thing, isn't it? He made a fool of me in the first place and I got tired of playing second fiddle."

"We won't discuss it farther, if you please."

The dismal supper was eaten silently save for the punctilious table etiquette. Charles Warren was simply flattened out without any power of resistance. He was ready to be retired—and Eleanor did it when she reached her door. Exit Charles Warren.

It was the next afternoon that Eleanor was summoned to the door. She did not bounce, leaving doors open behind her, for she was not thinking of peddlers or agents. She thought possibly Charles Warren had repaired his puncture and had the temerity to risk another. The playwright, however, stood nervously before her. Without a word Eleanor closed the door again and turned the key. In vain he kept the bell jangling, rattled the knob. By and by there was a knock at the screen door. She did not rise. She grimly told herself she had settled him, too. She sighed and wondered why.

But evidently the playwright's methods to obtain a hearing did not consist alone of stage dialogue or in standing before a closed portal. A letter arrived for Eleanor; and because she could not recognize the writing, she opened the envelope. Once begun, no mortal woman could lay it down unfinished.

"It is but fair that you hear me," it began. "I was so set up over writing that play that I had to take the spinster's part. In order to qualify for it I decided to live the character for a few weeks during our spring vacation, or was it the spirit of adventure leading me to you? I thought I wanted a smoke when I hadn't a match; but I know now that fate, the chef, was trying to serve me. I am paying the price now.

"I was startled to learn your desire which coincided with my own. So I tried on you some of my own philosophy; and eager to show you its truth, I transformed myself, for your pleasure, into my own nephew, for how could adventure follow a middle-aged spinster? I had a series of dandy adventures arranged, but that asinine Charlie spoiled everything and completed the muddle by bringing you to my play.

"I intended to come to explain just as soon as the play was off my hands. I did not wish to deceive you and it was not a joke at all. I suppose I can't make you understand how the wish to give you some adventures—presumptuous fool, wasn't I?—was absorbed by the desire to share those adventures intimately with you. But fate, you see, served up Charlie. I certainly have found a perfectly new experience and it is both surprising and humiliating. Will you forgive me?"

There was neither address nor signature. She was conscious of keen disappointment that the letter was the end and she held in to her diminishing anger. "And if I could forgive you," she said vexedly, "how would you know? You didn't expect to hear, you didn't want to hear, and you know it. All you wished was to get the unpleasantness out of your system by making a graceful explanation. You!" She crumpled the letter and tossed it into the waste-paper basket, immediately recovering it and smoothing it out gently.

Wednesday morning, a week later. Eleanor's bread lay on the board while she wiped the tins and sighed. Across the alley the dingy backs of other buildings showed nakedly as she reflected that the dwellers therein were just as fortunate if they never had adventures to lift them above a machinelike existence only to drop them back more discontented than before. She glanced about to see if any duty were forgotten. Her eyes rested disapprovingly on the garbage pail which she picked up listlessly and went down the back stairs.

An aeroplane was passing with considerable speed and greater noise, and the back doors belched forth excited women. Eleanor stopped for a moment to gaze with the others. When she entered her kitchenette her eyes were drawn to the moulding-board. Unbelievingly she moved nearer and clasped her hands tightly while the door behind her slammed unheeded. One loaf was gone. Her lips parted expectantly, her eyes grew brilliant and her heart thumped. Queer little shivers of anticipation left her trembling.

With her eyes on the bread she backed away toward the door by which she had entered, extending a fumbling hand for the knob. The door was locked. For a moment she waited before crossing to the swinging door, her ears strained for the slightest sound. She pushed gently after a little. She could hear excited breathing on the other side.

"Will you please open this door?" she demanded shakily.

"Upon one condition," came in the thrilly voice.

"Yes?"

"You must say 'Meade, you made a perfect fool of yourself and I am right in being intensely angry with you. But I am going to forgive you and grant you the privilege of showing your penitence.'"

"But," argumentatively, "I can't say it."

"Why, Eleanor?"

"I—I wouldn't mean it—that is, all of it."

"Don't you think I am a perfect fool?"

"Well, not a perfect one."

"Aren't you angry?"

She was astonished to hear a small "No." The sound of rapid breathing on both sides of the door filled the pause. At length:

"Could you say, 'Meade, I forgive you?'"

"Oh, yes! I forgive you."

"You didn't say all of the sentence."

"Well, M—Me—Oh! please let me out."

"Come on. I would rather see you when you say my name, anyway."

She pushed the yielding door, hesitated, still trembling. Then with sudden courage she swung it wide and found herself gathered into his encircling arms.

Joe Goes A-Fishing

By Alice E. Ives

[Copyright.]

"IT'S all tommyrot, nonsense, tomfoolery, this vacation fever!"

Mr. Torrey was getting red in the face. Joe Burnell expected it. He always knew what was coming when he asked for his two weeks' layoff. But as this explosion had been an annual occurrence for the past six years, and as he had always not only been granted his request, but an extension of time if he wished, he simply waited in a calm, indifferent frame of mind for the end of the tirade.

"Why anybody wants to go and pay out good money to be uncomfortable, to have bad meals, a slatty bed, mosquitoes and no ventilation in your room——"

"But you can go where you don't have those things."

"Oh, yes, if you want to pay enough for one day to live comfortably on at home for a week."

"Not necessarily. I went to a place last summer and stopped with a lady who takes in only two or three boarders, and I wouldn't ask for anything better."

"Perhaps you wouldn't," growled Torrey with a strong accent on the "you." "But I would. New York is good enough for my vacation. Why any one wants to go trapsing off to the country is what gets me!"

"If it only would 'get' you once, boss, I'm sure it would do you a world of good."

"Huh! you think so!" sniffed Mr Torrey. "Well, I'm doing pretty well now without a doctor. What time do you want to go?"

The date was arranged to Joe's satisfaction, and he went to his desk with a covert smile drawing his lips. Later on the curve of his mouth took a tenderer turn. He was thinking of old Torrey the man, aside from his cranks and oddities. He knew the strong integrity, the fine sense of justice, and the generous, kindly heart under the rather repellant exterior. Joe had started in the big electric firm at the bottom of the ladder when a boy of 18. He had steadily worked his way up to one of the most responsible positions in the house. Thru all these six years he had many opportunities of knowing the real nature of the senior partner. There had grown to be something more than respect in his feeling for old Torrey. It was something like the love of a son. Joe had no father, and the interest and wise counsel of Torrey had seemed in a way to supply the parental need. But Joe saw with some sorrow and regret the continuous hardening and roughening of the exterior. He wondered if it was penetrating to the heart and soul of the man. Was he becoming a mere money-grubbing machine, whose only happiness was in turning the grindstone, and whose whole life revolved around his office desk? Torrey had never married and lived in a handsome bachelor apartment. There really was no reason for calling him "old," for he was still on the sunny side of 60. But he had seemed to age rapidly of late. Joe wondered if it was not due to his treadmill existence.

The young man, as usual, left his country address when he said good-by Saturday to leave for his vacation.

"I suppose," said Torrey, "you are going again to that model boarding house."

"Yes. Mrs. Burke has written that she will take me in again."

"They'll all do that," remarked Mr. Torrey dryly.

"Not Mrs. Burke!" fired up the young man. "She isn't that sort!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Torrey softly. "Has she a daughter?"

Joe felt his face getting red, so he hastily said: "Yes," and turned to go.

But Torrey caught him by the arm. "Have a good time my boy, just the best that's going!" His warm, strong handclasp drove home his meaning. The look around his lips was much like Joe's had been when he thought of the heart of old Torrey.

It certainly was not entirely "all the comforts of home" that had drawn young Burnell to the house of Mrs. Burke. As Mr. Torrey had surmised, there was a daughter. The tender memory of her lingered with Joe for a year; and not only a memory, but several letters had passed between them, the matter of securing a room having required a large amount of correspondence.

Margaret Burke had good honest gray eyes, shining brown hair, and a pleasant mouth which she never touched with rouge. The red of her lips and cheeks came from a wholesome life and plenty of exercise in helping her mother take care of the summer boarders. She was well educated and well-read for a girl of 20. Her mother, who had been left a widow when Margaret was 12, had seen to her education out of school in the many ways that only a mother of good breeding can.

Joe and Margaret had gone a-fishing. Ah, what a glorious day it was! The sun just glinted thru the leaves enough to let you know he was shining his brightest, and not enough to trouble the two who sat on the bank of the little stream with the corks of their lines bobbing on the surface. Were the fish biting? Well, no. It was not exactly a good day for fishing, altogether too sunny. But what did that matter? It was much more important that they were together, that they talked of things that brought out a greater understanding of each other, and——all after all, just that they were together.

It Was Not Exactly a Good Day for Fishing.

They were rather ashamed to go home with just two fish, but Margaret had a sudden sense of being wanted in the kitchen, and they started. When about half way, Joe paused as tho struck by a thunderbolt.

Mr. Torrey loomed up, if a small man can "loom," in the pathway, facing them. Joe, being too dazed for utterance, Mr. Torrey spoke first.

"Well, Burnell!" he observed cheerfully. "Large catch, isn't it."

Joe endeavored to cover his embarrassment by immediately introducing the gentleman to Miss Burke.

"Where are you stopping, Mr. Torrey?" he asked.

"At the Grandview."

"Oh, that can't be half as good as my place. Come and dine with me, right now."

Torrey looked as tho he was trying to invent an excuse to refuse, but he changed his mind, and went.

Mrs. Burke made the stranger very welcome. She was a cheery little woman, with hair just whitening a bit at the temples, a pretty color, and very blue eyes. There was only one other boarder besides Burnell. She was an elderly lady, who had been there for four summers, and was quite one of the family. The dinner was good, and the guest ate with a surprising relish. It was cozy and "homey," and it was plain to see Mr. Torrey felt this.

Three days later Mr. Torrey asked to be taken in, and was given a large, pleasant room, which Burnell had insisted on giving up, all unknown to the new boarder. Old Torrey fell in with all excursions planned by the others, the elderly lady preferring to remain at home. He hired a large touring car, and they explored regions quite unknown to the widow and her daughter.

Joe saw with great delight that Torrey was looking younger, talking younger, and acting younger. But something strangely like a stab at his heart came when he saw Torrey going off with Margaret for long walks, and looking at her with tender eyes of understanding. Why had he brought this man here to rob him of all that life held for him? The next moment he was filled with remorse for the thought. Was it possible this old man's money was more to the girl than his love?

One evening Torrey asked Joe to go with him for a little walk. Out of sight of the house he said: "Maybe, Joe, you'll think me an old fool, but I'm going to be married."

Joe, feeling faint and stricken, managed to say: "That's quite your own affair. I—I hope you'll be very—happy."

"I expect to be," said Torrey, with brisk conviction.

"Margaret is the dearest——"

"Margaret!" broke in the other. "Do you think I'm going to marry a child? I expect to be her stepfather. I had to get her to kind of intercede, you know."

Joe came so near falling in his arms that Torrey, quite unexpectedly to himself, embraced the boy.

Terry MacNamara's Second Pair

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By Seumas MacManus

Terry was the rankest rascal that ever ran upon two legs and he broke the heart and reputation of Colonel McGettrick and sent him seeking for a new regiment.

I AM supposin' there are few and far between that didn't hear tell how Terry MacNamara broke the heart of Colonel McGettrick, and sent him seeking for a new regiment. But tho that is so it'll maybe bear tellin' another time, as what of Terry's wouldn't.

Och, it's Terry was the rankest rascal ever ran upon two legs. From end to wynd of the County Donegal he was a known knave; and the long winters never grew tedious while there was afloat a new tale of Terry's trickery and knavery. It was because he was such a humorsome vagabond with a quick answer in his jaw to fit all cases, and to turn the laugh upon them that would bring him to book for a transgression, people forgave him, no matter what depredation he committed, and them that was the sufferers, however sore they might feel on the point at first, would be heard laughing loudest of all on the heels of the hunt, for the fellow's antics and drollery was too much for the sevairest of them.

McGettrick, tho, I am thinking, was an exception to the rule, and he'd sooner have leathered the soul out of the lad than laugh at him. But then McGettrick was out of the common anyhow, for no man ever seen him without a look on his face that would sour craim. To say he was bilious and bad-tempered would give but a sorry notion of the devil's own disposition he was possessed of. Every man ever come under him cursed him right-heartedly and called him a martinet, and if they never prayed afore, prayed Heaven now to relieve them of the affliction of McGettrick. His looks were as black as December, and he growled like the March wind, and himself and that growl of his were never known asunder, no matter how the world wagged. And when he left the County Down militia to take charge of the Donegal, if the men that had been under him did not light bonfires on the hills, they had, every man of them, a bonfire in their heart for joy that was the size of a burning mountain, and they prayed a tame wind to him and no turning. If the ordinary poor devils of privates were rejoiced to be rid of him, their officers were ten times more so, for he had the life and the soul fair crushed out of them. He had them murdered with discipline.

Colonel Corrigan, who was leaving the Donegals, left his pity with the poor officers there. And it is sore they needed it; for the fame of McGettrick had traveled round the island, and the contankerous severity of the man was as well known in Donegal as it was in Down. "But youse have one consolation," said Corrigan, says he. "Terry MacNamara, who has bruk my heart, an' who bruk the heart of the man gone afore me, will br'eak the heart of McGettrick as well, if it was a dozen times as hard, an' he'll make him sorry for the day he saw Donegal, and hunger for the day that he'll shake the dust from his shoes again."

Every man of them laughed hearty at this; for there wasn't a man among them whose temper Terry hadn't tried and tried sorely, and who hadn't at one time or another wished in their hearts that it was the divil had Terry and not the Donegal militia.

To give the divil his due, there was little love lost on either side between Terry and the militia, for his heart was not in it tho his body was. In his heart he was a rebel, and never had been anything else. But he got enlisted in the militia without knowing it, at a time that he was on a week's spree, and tho they got him in it by a shilling and a trick, there was many a man among them, both colonel and officer, would have paid pounds to get him out of it again by any means, and get the perplexity of him off their minds, for he was eternally being found out in some breach or other of discipline, and he was cracking jokes upon some one or other of them, making the regiment merry at their expense, and in punishment oftener than he was otherwise.

There is not any doubt whatsomever about it but Terry had a miraculous thirst, an' what would sloken a limekiln in the way of liquor would not satisfy him. He used to say himself that he believed he must be like Vesuvius in the inside, and that if the Shannon was turned down his throat on the long day of June, he would not feel squenched when night fell. And one inveterate bad habit that he had, and that he could not be broken of, was to sell his second pair of shoes to raise the wind whenever his purse went low, which, as you will be very well thinking, was oftentimes. It was commonly agreed that he could drink in a fortnight all the footwear of a regiment. To the cost of his peace of mind the departin' Corrigan knew too well Terry's little failure in this way. And he prophesied that Terry's shoes was the first thing that would trip up McGettrick's temper. "And in the end," says he, "If I'm not mistaken, they're the rock he'll perish on."

Whether this would be so, or not, every officer of them agreed that Terry's shoes would give McGettrick a throw or two anyway.

"I promise you they will," says Corrigan, "an' I'll be a much mistaken man if his reputation isn't wrecked on them in the end. Just remember Corrigan's words," says he, "and wait till you see what you will see."

And not far mistaken, in troth, was Colonel Corrigan. Corrigan quitted

McKettrick Let a Tare-an-ous Out of Him That Would Split a Deal Board.

them, an' McGettrick soon came on the scene, and his presence even on the first night of his coming was a wet blanket over the merriment of the mess, and ere he had sat with them for an hour, every man present was praying in his soul for a happy release. In order to discourage the man afore he would have his affections fixed on a new regiment, they told him all the troubles and worries attached to it, an' as you may well be sure, they took nothing from it in the tellin'. But, they said, worse than all the other troubles put together is one trouble that walks on two feet, and frequently fills the guard-room, and that trouble, says they, goes be the name of Terry MacNamara, a private with the thirst of a June day, and all the rascality of a full regiment concentrated within his four bones. He drove to destruction, says they, the two colonels that have gone afore you, and it is known to every man in the regiment that he brags he will do likewise to you, and the two men that come after you. And they gave McGettrick then an inkling of Terry's antics, and the sort of reel that he led the regiment, and they said that that one man was harder to rule than a roomful. They told him particularly about the sinful habit of selling his shoes that Terry had contracted —a habit that Lord Wellington at the head of all the armies of the British Empire would not break him of.

McGettrick he laughed—and the fellow's laugh, when he did laugh, would terrify a horse—at the simplicity of them, and he told them that they had small notion of the man they were dealing with; and that if MacNamara tried any of his tricks upon him once, he would think for a lifetime before he would make a second attempt. It soon trickled down to the men that the new colonel has special designs upon Terry MacNamara; and they reminded Terry of the fox that had run long, an' got his throat cut at last, and warned him that now at length he would have to mend his ways, and begin an' be a credit to the army instead of a disgrace. It is small thanks they got for their pains. And he gave them to understand that McGettrick and his bad liver cost him less concern than Micky McGarry's rooster, on whose throat he used to pray bad prayers for awakening him too early in the morning. McGettrick made up his mind to keep a sharp eye anyway upon Terry's second pair of shoes, an' see that they did not get to the pawnshop. And in pursuance of this, he quickly got the habit of calling out the regiment for inspection of kit three times for the one time that it used to be done in times gone, an' all the prayers he got from both officers and men for this, if they were heard, would not help him far on the road to heaven. In troth, this was not the only thing that earned him bad prayers, for from the day he came he upset the whole easy-going routine of the regiment, and each individual in it, both officer and man, he worked like a mill, and dhrove like a dray-horse. He scolded and bullied, and bally-ragged them, and cursed them like a man who had served his time to the devil, and the longer he was with them too there wasn't the least signs of them abating—rather the other way around; for it was a day older and a day worse he was getting. And he made the life of officer and man a torment, driving them to destruction, and making them wish that the end of the world itself might supersede him, if only it would be done quickly. If the men felt it bad, the officers felt it ten times worse, and the term of training that used to be a holiday to them was fast turned into the hardest time of their lives, still some of them at length said that there was only three courses now open to any of them to remedy the greatest grievance they ever knew; one was to resign, which would be shameful; the other was to shoot themselves, which would be sinful, and the third to shoot McGettrick, which would be commendable—only risky.

Howsomever, tho Terry MacNamara astonished the world by keeping himself straight and honest for a fortnight, so that McGettrick began to brag at the mess that he had inspired the fear of heaven in his soul, the old complaint at length overtook Terry again. After he had drank everything else he could lay his hands upon, he sold and drank his second pair of shoes also. And it wasn't the second day after till an inkling of it got into the mess, and put the officers chuckling, and very soon came to the ears of McGettrick, putting him into a handsome fury, and he determined to soon settle the thing. At an unearthly hour next morning every officer and man of the regiment came tumbling out of bed cursing McGettrick, as the call for kit inspection took them out of their sleep. And in very short time the full regiment was standing to attention in the barrack square. Every man with his kit at his feet, and his second pair of shoes stuck up on top of it as usual, and McGettrick was tearing up and down the ranks, an' he bellowing like a bull. When, at length, he reached as far as Terry, right enough there was Terry's pair of boots also stuck up on top of his kit, and Terry himself standing looking as innocent as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. And I tell you McGettrick was sorely disappointed. And if he was as mad as a bull before, he raged like a roaring lion after he found that he had his morning's work all for nothing, and that he wouldn't have the pleasure of punishing the vagabond MacNamara and of showing to the officers whom he hated like the devil, how he would handle the fellow so that he would not play the same trick the second time on him. In the devil of a temper he dismissed them that morning. But again that night he heard the whisper going round again that MacNamara had fooled him, and had, for certain, sold his shoes and drunk them to the last little bit of leather whang that was in them. True enough, McGettrick, now when he came to think over it, minded that when he passed MacNamara in the morning he thought he observed a queer kind of a smirk or a smile come over the man's features. At the time he thought it was his own fancy; but now, by the boots, he believed there must have been something in it. Howsomever, he showed no sign; but bright and early next morning again, all unexpected, the call for kit inspection brought 1,000 out of their beds with black murder in their hearts, and their faces showed black with it when they wheeled into their places in the square, an' put down at their feet their kits, and stuck on top of them, every man of them, his second pair of shoes. And when the colonel came ranting and roaring up and down the ranks that morning, he was as sick with disgust as Mathew Mulhern's donkey when he ate his mistress' artificial plants thinkin' they were thistles! Terry MacNamara's second pair of shoes (at least so far as Colonel McGettrick thought) was sure enough sitting on top of his kit, and Terry himself as calm and as unconcerned as the shoes. It is true that the colonel, taking him in with the tail of his eye, thought he observed Terry wink when he had passed him. But then he thought maybe his eye descaived him, an' he dar' say nothing nor do nothing. But he was the maddest man that ever bounced in the barrack square anyway, an' every officer seen this, an' knew the reason of it, an' was happy in his heart that the old fellow was made so mad.

Well an' good, that fared well, as the storytellers say, when it did not fare ill. An' when night wore around again the mysterious word got about that Terry MacNamara had for a sure certainty sold his shoes, an' the colonel had been blinked and made a fool of two times running. And this whisper made the mess merry, an' it came to McGettrick's ears, an' he knew there was just the chance of the officers themselves start-

ing it thru rascality for the fun of fooling him. But, at the same time, he recalled the wink he fancied Terry had given, and he made up within himself that come what may he was going to have a third fling at this anyway, and make a spoon or spoil a horn this time, an' settle once and for all finally whether it was MacNamara or his own officers that was making the fool of him. And whichever it was, he was determined to turn the tables and make them laugh with the other side of their mouth.

Accordingly, by the screek o' day on the third morning he had afore him on the barrack square a regiment of men as mad as himself, which is saying a deal, and he was tearing up and down the lines like a turkey cock took leave of its wits. An' when he come as far as Terry there was Terry's kit on the ground afore him, and his shoes stuck on top of them. He stooped down an' he took up the shoes in his fist just to convince himself that Terry was not exercising the black art, and putting appearances on his eyes. But faith, the shoes felt all right to the fist, and no mistake about it, good substantial leather, and the pair of them, as Terry said afterward, putting out their tongues at him, while he rammed in his hands and explored acres in the interior. He turned them upside down, and back side front, and right side left—every way, in fact only inside out, an' he would have done that, too, if it had been in his power. The officers, they were turning their backs, and holding their hands in their mouths as this performance went on; for they could not contain themselves at all, at all, at sight of the spectacle. McGettrick, he was sorely puzzled, as he laid down the shoes again on the kit with a sigh, for still he felt far from satisfied in his own mind but there was something as it shouldn't be. Howsomever he had dangled longer round Terry MacNamara than was good for his own dignity, and he knew this, an' he had to move on. But as he did, he saw without any mistake whatsoever about it that Terry tipped a wink to his right-hand neighbor. On the spur of the moment he wheeled and went back, resolved to make out what was at the bottom of the business, even tho he should spend until dinner time in the doing of it. He caught up the shoes again, and felt them all over to make sure once more that they were rale shoes that was in it, and not ghosts. And he turned them upside down again, and rammed his hands into them. But rale shoes they were, sure enough. And the officers' ribs were now cracking for the stress of trying to hold in the laughter. McGettrick threw the shoes far from him on the ground with a curse; and then the bright thought struck him that the maneuver, whatever it was, might be concealed in the kit. So, in a jiffy he was stooped over the kit, an' had took it up. And behold ye, when he had got it up, there was laid bare before the eyes of himself and half the regiment, Terry MacNamara's two big bare feet that had been up to this nately concealed underneath. McGettrick he let a tare-an-ouns out of him that would split a deal board, an' Terry he looked ahead of him as unconcerned as if he was dressed from crown to toe like a dandy. The officers, every man-Jack of them, had to double his fist and stick it in his mouth, an' hold it there till he thought he'd split. While every man in the ranks prayed to give him the power to contain himself until the devil flew away with the colonel or an earthquake happened, or some other miracle occurred to give him the chance of venting his feelings without injuring his career. The colonel he dropped the kit upon the ground, and he turned his back, an' he strode out of the ranks like a drum-major, an' he took his place ten paces before the front rank and facing them. And when he was there he called Private Terence MacNamara to come forth till he would deal out to him exemplary punishment, and he promised him right heartily that he would deter him from ever thrying the trick again of taking off his shoes in the ranks and placing them on top of his kit until he had passed. And out marched poor Terry, steppin' forth like a bare-legged goose, and up to the colonel with him, and saluted, while every man-Jack, officers and privates, was wondering in the inside of them what was going to happen.

"Private Terence MacNamara," says the colonel, says he, "you are now to exhibit yourself in your bare feet as you stand to every man in the regiment. You will march up one line," says he, "and down another, till you come to the last man in the regiment, and then you will reverse the process, an' go back one line an' up another, till you come back here to me again. Now, sir, right about face, march."

And off Terence stepped with his nose in the air, an' his big white feet going one and one as if he was doing the threadmill, and up one rank and down another, until he came to the last man in the regiment; then he reversed the process, and came back again, down one line and up another as he was directed, until he was back in the original position again, an' he standing and saluting beside the colonel. And of the pair of them, the only calm and unconcerned man was Terry himself.

"Well, sir," says the colonel, with the smirk of a man who is well satisfied that he has at least attained his end. "Well, sir?" says he, loud enough for the last man in the regiment to hear him. "Well, sir," says he, "how do you like it?"

Terry lifted his head, and raised his hand and saluted, and says he as he squared himself round, standing shoulder to shoulder with the colonel, and looking out over the regiment, "Colonel, your honor," says he, "I am sorry to be compelled to pronounce that it is the dirtiest regiment I have ever inspected."

* * * * * * *

In prison poor Terry got time and to spare for reflecting on his sins. But I doubt if he did it. When he came out, which was a good while after, the officers of the Donegals had their sides still aching, an' every private in the regiment might still be tied with a straw, an' every mother's son in the County Donegal were laughing themselves fairly on the way to the lunatic asylum. But Colonel McGettrick he had cleared scot, lot, bag and baggage out of the regiment, and out of the country, and out of the province moreover. For, tho at first he thought he was dogged enough to wear out what he called the laugh of the lunies, he very soon found that he could not stand it for forty-eight hours without having his own life or some one else's, and in the end considered it wiser to be a coward for half an hour than a corpse all his life. He cut and made a clean run for it, his heart bruk and his reputation blasted by Terry MacNamara and his second pair of shoes!

Effective Stuff.

"SAY," said the traveling man, whose line was baby bonnets. "I hope we never get prohibition in this neck of the woods. There's a lot of fellows we never could sell to if we couldn't get them to take a drink."

"Yes, I know all that," argued the man whose line was shoes. "But there's just as much business lost thru asking a man to have a drink. There was Obler. A fresh young ape came into his place like this:

"'How de do, Mr. Obler! I represent Blake & Koe. Will you come and have a drink, Mr. Obler?'

"Obler felt sure that the young man had been told that the proper thing to do was to invite him to have a drink, and he was very sensitive about his weakness for liquid stimulant."

"Yes, but a fellow doesn't have to go at it like that," argued the traveling man whose line was baby bonnets. "If he had been smart he could have put it over better than that. There was young Bryan. Bill Bryan was sent to sell some goods to Brifogle, who has the weakness you mention, but is sensitive about it. So here's how young Bill negotiated old Brifogle.

"He went into Brifogle's place and talked to him a while, when all of a sudden, wow! Awful case of cramps! Suffering terribly! 'Excuse me, but I must have a drink of whisky. Nothing like Limpid Spring sour mash for cramps! Awfully good stuff, try a swallow, do you good!' The rest was easy.

"If we had prohibition here I never would have got into Springville the other day in time to catch the choo-choo for Milwaukee. Waters and I were chugging along in a machine on the Springville pike when all of a sudden we came up with one of these roadmaking machines, taking up the whole road. Of course the roadmakers had the right of way over everything and gave their dust to everybody. We trailed that darn road machine for two miles of misery, taking all the dust, when suddenly Waters hails the fellows and they stop and look around. Then Waters jumps out of the machine, goes around behind and then comes up with two bottles of beer, which he shakes at the drivers of the road-maker, and he walks toward them carrying the bottles while I jump out and follow along with two more.

"Then the roadmakers said, 'Woah!' and climbed down and partook of the beer and while working on the fourth bottle they said: 'Would you gemmen like to get by?'"

Her Mistake.

THE skating rink instructor was a man of iron nerve and iron muscle, and he did not quail when the fourteen stone female learner asked his assistance.

Now, a skating instructor may be very clever, but it is too much to expect that he can juggle with heavyweights when his feet are slipping from under him, and when the lady slid floorward he was powerless.

"Don't be alarmed, madam; we'll get you up all right," said one of the attendants who had rushed to the rescue.

"Oh, don't think I am alarmed!" replied the heavyweight; "but all the same, your floor is terribly lumpy!"

"I'm not a lump," came a smothered voice from underneath; "I'm an attendant."

War Ghosts at the Front

WHEN a man's eyes are aching from lack of sleep, when he must tighten his belt because rations are overdue, or exhausted, and when his nerves are subjected to such a strain as only war can subject a man's nerves to, you may say that he is in a fit condition to "see things," as we vaguely term the supernatural.

Sitting round a cozy fire, munching toast and drinking tea, the blueclad heroes back in Blighty began to talk about the ghosts of the war zone, and there wasn't a Tommy among them who scoffed; altho many had explanations for these things.

Jock's tale was of a moonlit evening in France, when he was on sentry go outside the barn where his companions awaited their summons to the firing line. Jock declared he wasn't sleepy, and he could give no reason for what he saw and heard.

His ghosts were a brace of dun-colored bloodhounds, coupled together by a short steel chain. And as they galloped past him they gave tongue, clear as a bell.

"First I'd heard one faint note in the distance," said Jock, "and the deep, mournful bay had caused me to grip my rifle and keep alert. In fact, I'd been searching for a hound, as far as my eyes could search the flat, treeless, moonlit countryside. Then, all at once, there they were before my eyes, and just as suddenly they were gone, with the sound of their baying in my ears."

The Scotsman said he'd told his tale to many, and that others had seen the hounds. But whenever they were seen something big had always happened on the battle front.

Many a man who fought in Verdun, in those days when it seemed as if the Germans must break thru the French defense, has a tale to relate of the fine old warrior, clad in the equipment of 1870, with long white beard and flowing hair, rosy cheeks and laughing eyes, who showed himself to weary troops and wounded men times without number. This ghost seems to have been very much in evidence during the earlier part of the war. In nearly every instance victory followed his appearance.

Sometimes it was to marching troops, wearied to the last point of endurance, that he showed himself. Sometimes he led the charge to German trenches. Sometimes he bent over the dying with his water bottle, and gave the draught that saved life.

Just for a second would his athletic old figure be seen, and then a blank. But that there was a Verdun ghost to help their cause was faithfully believed by the fighting men. Some of them swore that they had seen the old fellow trip up more than one German, and knock his weapon out of his hand.

Another hospital boy, who had been thru the campaign in southwest Africa, before he came to do his bit in France, had plenty to say on the subject of optical atmospheric illusions. He told queer tales of mirage in the Kalaharl Desert. "And, besides that, lots of us suffered from hallucinations," he said.

There was a tale of a long ride in column of sections one moonlit night, when he and his half section both simultaneously reined up their horses to avoid the left flank man of the section in front of them, who had dropped from his horse.

Both men thought the fellow had fallen asleep, tired with the long, long trek. And both rubbed their eyes in amazement the next second, because there was no man in the sand, but he was riding along a few paces in front of them, and had never fallen.

"A man's eyes play him tricks when he's tired out," remarked another, who had listened quietly. Then he, too, told his tale of when he was out in the Dardanelles.

"I was on outpost duty with my pal Robinson," he began, "when an enormous shell came along and blew him into little bits before my eyes. I was about fifty yards away, and stood rooted to the spot with the ghastliness of it all. Then something happened that scared me more. Head, arms and legs began moving, and they made for poor Robinson's trunk. A few seconds later there was a complete corpse lying there, just as if he had been knocked out by the shock of the explosion.

"It's the truth I'm telling you," he finished. And he honestly believed that it was.

The German's Gift.

A "TOMMY" lying in hospital had beside him a watch of curious and foreign design. The attending doctor was interested. "Where did your watch come from?" he asked.

"A German giv' it to me," he answered.

A little piqued, the doctor inquired how the foe had come to convey his token of esteem and affection. "E 'ad to," was the laconic reply.

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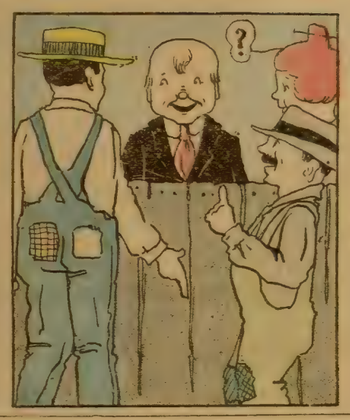
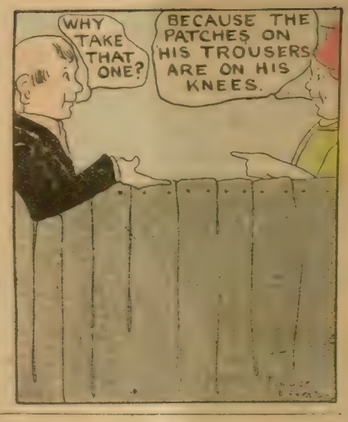
Waist Color..... Waist..... Corset Cover Size.
Serge Skirt Color Waist Length
Name
Address





Too Bad He Couldn't March.

United States Senator Howard Sutherland of West Virginia tells a story about a mountain youth who visited a recruiting office in the Senator's State for the purpose of enlisting in the regular Army. The examining physician found the young man as sound as a dollar, but that he had flat feet.

"I'm sorry," said the physician, "but I'll have to turn you down. You've got flat feet."

The mountaineer looked sorrowful. "No way for me to git in it, then?" he inquired.

"I guess not. With those flat feet of yours you wouldn't be able to march even five miles."

The youth from the mountain studied a moment. Finally he said: "I'll tell you why I hate this so darned bad. You see, I walked nigh on to 115 miles over the mountains to git here, and gosh, how I hate to walk back!"

No Hyphen Here.

"Do you think it would encourage you any to have the Kaiser say he would watch you bleed for the fatherland?"

"Yes," said the American citizen who had the misfortune to be born in Germany. "It would encourage me to hit him with anything hard and unyielding I could lay my hands on."

Not on Account.

"This bill has been running a long time. Could you let me have a little money on account?"

"I can't on account."

"On account of what?"

"On account of the war."

Government's Come-Down.

"So you've got to file an income tax statement?"

"Yes."

"How glad you must be to have made yourself rich enough to do that."

"You've got the wrong idea of me. I haven't risen to the dignity of an income; the Government has merely lowered its standards to my level for the purposes of taxation."

Mr. Webster Please Note.

Corporal David Campbell, of the 101st Field Artillery, writes of their trip to the southern front from the Chemin des Dames.

"Five of us lost our mounts and had to walk," he says. "We call ourselves the 'distillery.' The 'dis' is for dismounted, and 'tillery' is for 'artillery.'"

George Was Well Watered.

George was hampered by a mother whose idea of godliness was cleanliness. One day a neighbor remarked on his rapid growth.

"Yes," said George, "that's ma's fault; she waters me too much!"

Not Quite.

"I understand Mabel said Fred accused her of cruelty."

"Oh, no; she asked him to have his hair cut and he said he would have to submit to her barber-ous decree."

Much Experience.

"Do you know anything of the art of husbandry?"

"I ought to. I've married off five daughters."

One-sided Arrangement.

"I proposed to my wife to follow the example of the Senate and limit debate."

"Did she agree?"

"She did. The debate is now limited to what she thinks about the matter discussed."

"Why do you and Jack still live together? The separation is decided on, isn't it?"

"Heavens, yes! But, you see, we subscribed to a magazine with a detective story running in it, and both of us have got to finish that story."

His Chief Worry.

Private Carlo Davis, of Escanaba, Mich., saw a comrade knocked flat and half buried by the concussion of an exploding shell.

The prostrate one got up, spitting the sand out of his mouth, and sputtering in rage at the Huns.

"Doggone it!" he was saying. "There, they've gone and lost me my last cigarette!"

Putting Art in Artillery.

Teacher (in current events class)—"Now, Willie, can you tell me what the largest gun the Germans use?"

Willie—"I—I've heard how d—— er——"

Teacher—"Correct, Willie."

Real Cause for Sorrow.

Wife (at the play)—"Is it possible, John Henry, that such unfortunate acting has moved you to tears?"

Husband—"You [illegible] me. Indeed I was thinking of [illegible] last night."

Supply and Demand.

Peddler—"Any tins, ma'am?"

Housekeeper (indignantly)—"Those tins you sold me last week have all gone to pieces."

Peddler—"Yes'm. I knew you'd want some more by this time."

Guessed Right.

Teacher—Henry, if you had three apples and some one gave you five more, what would you have?

Henry—I guess I'd have a pain in my stomach.

The Right Kind.

Did the rich American get any ghosts in the old castle he leased?

"I understood [illegible] a stock of good old family [illegible] in the cellar."

Raw Deal for Rudyard.

One of Mr. Kipling's trees was injured by a bus, the driver of which was also landlord of an inn. Kipling wrote this man a letter of complaint, which the recipient sold to one of his guests for ten shillings. Again the angry author wrote, this time a more violent letter, which immediately fetched £1.

A few days later Kipling called on the landlord and demanded to know why he had received no answer to his letters.

"Why, I was hoping you'd send me a fresh one every day," was the cool reply; "they pay a great deal better than bus driving."

The Mathematical Mind.

"What was the answer to that investigation?"

"It turned out," replied Senator Sorghum, "like some of these sums in decimal fractions. The problem seemed simple enough, but you could prolong the answer indefinitely."

She Meant Business.

"Can't you and your husband dwell together in unity?" inquired the police judge.

"Listen, judge!" exclaimed Aunt Hanner. "I brung dis no-count man befo' you to talk business, not religion."

Is This True?

"People carp at cigarettes, I know, but I have noticed one thing."

"What is that?"

"The men who smoke them never seem to grow old."

Lasting Well.

"I am surprised to see you have such a quantity of preserves left over from last year."

"Nobody could get the lids off," explained the housewife, briefly.

As Things Go.

"I'm on my uppers."

"If your uppers are fairly substantial," responded the shoemaker, "you're not so bad off."

More Probable.

Humorously comparing the Kaiser with a certain East Side bully, Vice President Marshall recently said that the Kaiser's memory in history will be like the memory of this other Bill. When he died a neighbor remarked to his widow: "So Bill's dead?" "Yes, he's dead." "I suppose he's hittin the harp with the angels now." "More likely," said the widow, "he's hittin' the angels with the harp."

Probably Peddlers.

Miss Oldbird was airing her views on marriage and men to Miss Flappette and it was evident that she was what is known as a man hater.

"I don't care for men, my dear," she said to her young friend. "In fact, I have already said 'No' to several of them."

"Indeed!" said the young thing, with a twinkle in her eye: "What were they selling?"

"Horrible" War.

Private Arthur Collins wrote this home to his aunt at Dayton, Ohio.

"It's spring now. I am sitting on a bank, listening to the blackbirds sing, and weaving a chain out of buttercups I picked.

"I'm having a pretty good time, but it isn't my idea of war."

Boyish Prejudice.

"Why did you name your boy 'Reginald Clarence'?"

"Because I wanted him to be a fighter. I figure that in our neighborhood a boy named 'Reginald Clarence' has got to fight."

Gimlet—"I wish we'd have a roaring old thunderstorm by the time we get home."

Bracely—"What's the odds?"

Gimlet—"It's the only time my wife becomes too frightened to speak."

How to Get Him In.

It was the youngsters first experience at Sunday School and he sat eagerly watching the superintendent illustrate the lesson on the board. The superintendent drew the path to heaven—one straight line—and started the figure of a man on it. Gradually the man became larger and larger, and finally when he arrived at the gate of heaven he could not get in. Whereupon the superintendent turned to his small audience and, in a tragic and sorrowful tone, said: "You see he is so puffed up with sin that he can not enter."

"Try him sideways, mister!" called out the youngster.

As They Say in the Army.

Overheard in the car:

Bella—Halloa, Peter, whaur did you spring frae?

Peter—Ach, I'm oot o' work.

Bella—Oot o' work, are ye? Whit are ye gaun to dae?

Peter—I havena settled yet. I'm thinking o' applyin' for a job as valet to a munition worker.

A Round of Pleasure.

"Muriel feared the other girls in the Gaiety chorus wouldn't notice her engagement ring."

"Did they?"

"Did they? Four of them recognized it at once."

Was He Nervous?

Edith—"I have just refused to marry Mr. Shyman."

Ethel—"Oh, did he propose?"

Edith—"Well, I can't say positively, but that is how I construed his incoherent remarks."

Suspicious.

"There goes a man of great promise."

"I know him. Has he been borrowing from you, too?"

Democracy.

War Secretary Baker said at a luncheon in Washington:

"Ours will be the most democratic Army in the world, for ours is the most democratic country.

"A millionaire, as he climbed into his limousine, snarled at a newsboy:

"'No, I don't want any paper! Get out!'

"'Well, keep yer shirt on, boss,' the newsboy answered. 'The only difference between you and me is that you're making your second million, while I'm still workin' on my first.'"

Dependency.

"How many have you dependent on you?"

"None to mention," answered Mr. Cumrox after some thought.

"I thought you had a large family."

"I have a large family and a house full of servants. But they are the most independent bunch of people you ever came into contact with."

Unusual.

"There was a sensational case of kidnaping on our block yesterday."

"You don't say so! What was it?"

"The baby in the third house who generally keeps everybody awake with its yells slept all night."

Not the Organ She Used.

Caller—"Mrs. Nexdore says her daughter has a great ear for music."

Mrs. Naybor—"Well, that wouldn't be so bad if she didn't think she had a voice for it, too."

Musical Accident.

The Jewsons were entertaining callers one afternoon, and while the grown-ups were talking the baby crept on the floor. Suddenly there was a loud bump and a wild wail. It came from the direction of the piano.

"Oh, dear, the baby has hurt himself!" cried Mrs. Jewson. "Run quick, dear!"

The young father had already dashed toward the piano. He dropped on his knees and groped under the piano for his injured off-spring. Presently he returned.

He feel down and bumped his head on one of the pedals," he reported.

"Oh, the poor darling! Is it a bad bump?" asked one of the guests.

"No," he answered, "fortunately his head got the soft pedal."

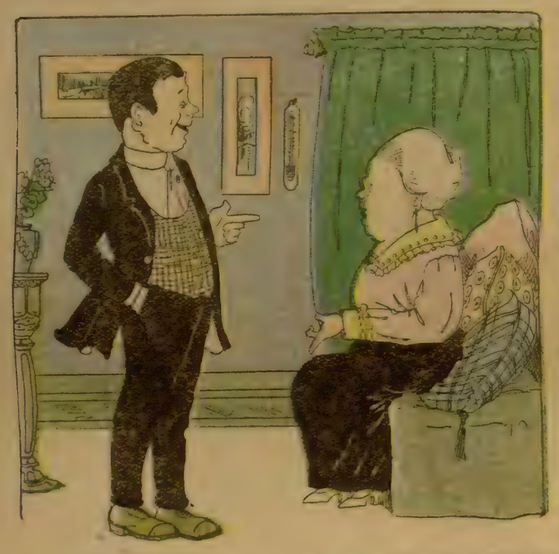
Pretty Late, Cynthy!

Uncle Jake bought a clock so tall that it was almost impossible to get it into the house. The old man was extremely proud of it, and found it very good company. He would be awake unable to hear it tick. One night the clock got out of order and began to strike. The old man awoke and counted nine hundred and two. He promptly sat up in bed, and, calling to his wife, said: "Cynthy, get up, gal, get up. It's later than I've ever known it to be."

Fondly Indulgent.

Mrs. Jewson—"You must not expect me to give up my girlhood ways all at once, dear."

Jewson—"That's all right; go on taking an allowance from your father just as if nothing had happened."



In a house in the Highlands the other day a visitor happened to remark that a thermometer (noticing one hanging on the wall) was a very useful instrument to have indoors.

The mistress of the house replied—"Aye, aye; oor Jeems brocht it in the ither night for the heat o' the room. For me ain part, hoosever, I dinna see that it makes it a bit warmer."

Diagonal.

79—

I
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * S

The new diagonal is "I——S" and the words:

1. Used in connection with a form of Greek architecture.
2. A life-giving property of the air.
3. Something new.
4. Unfit or unsuited.
5. The race to which the Irish and Welsh belong.

Anagram.

80—My first is in mountain but not in hill.
My second's in river but not in rill.
My third is in corn but not in rice.
My fourth is in snow but not in ice.
My fifth is in rye but not in oat.
My sixth is in ship but not in boat.
My seventh's in stone but not in slate.
My eighth is in soon but not in late.
My whole no doubt will plainly show
A poet great you all do know.

Forward and Backward.

81—To guess this puzzle spell the word indicated and reverse the spelling to get the second word.

1. Forward, to touch; backward, not good.
2. Forward, a twinkling light; backward, a cat's favorite.
3. Forward, a vegetable; backward, a part of a boat.
4. Forward, something used for lighting or cooking; backward, to sink down.
5. Forward, a water weed; backward, an animal from the forest.
6. Forward, the abbreviation for a day of the week; backward, a form of moisture.
7. Forward, not cooked; backward, what is going on in France.
8. Forward, an animal's hole; backward, a boy's name.

Beheadings.

82—1. Behead to break with a cracking noise and leave a short nap.
2. Behead 52 weeks and leave a part of the body.
3. Behead a round toy and leave every one.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

75. Flower Charades.

1. Candytuft. 2. Sweet William. 3. Coxcomb. 4. Tuberose. 5. Chrysanthemum. 6. Canterbury bells. 7. Goldenrod. 8. Jack-in-the-pulpit. 9. Ladies' eardrops. 10. Buttercup. 11. Marigold. 1. Polyanthus.

76. Anagrams.

1. Astronomer. 2. Catalogues. 3. Lawyers.

77. An Aboretum.

1. Fir. 2. Umbrella. 3. Pine. 4. Yew. 5. Cottonwood. 6. Beech. 7. Palm. 8. Olive. 9. Spruce. 10. Hemlock.

78. Diagonal.

B L I D
L I M A
E M I R
D A R T

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Mistress—"Did any one call while I was out?"
New Girl—"Yes, mum; Mrs. Wayup called!"
Mistress—"Did she seem disappointed when you said I was not at home?"
New Girl—"Well, she did look a little queer, but I told her she needn't get in a temper about it 'cause it was really true this time."

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GENTLE JABS.

Life's most desirable pleasures cost the least.

Shouts of joy give the pessimist a headache.

The less a man knows the more suspicious he is.

Any man can make his wife do anything she wants to.

When your friends are not trumps it is up to you to discard them.

With the dealer in second hand goods it is never too late to mend.

Common sense is an uncommonly good thing to possess.

Mothers-in-law come in handy when the children are sick.

Did you ever hear of a man's falling in love with a woman's intellect?

You might do worse than exaggerate the goodness of your friends.

It is said that the spare rib is not popular with the Mormon epicure.

Fully nine-tenths of our troubles would vanish if we didn't talk so much.

No amount of voice culture will make a fat man stop snoring in his sleep

An amateur may be a person who has entered the first stage of ignorance.

Wings of riches enable them to fly up and roost on the highest branches.

Some men are so busy looking for a position that they have no time to work.

If folks did not deceive themselves occasionally they would miss a lot of fun

The man who gives his business proper attention has but little time for side issues.

Don't forget that the brown stone front usually depends on a homely brick rear for support.

Always listen to an honest opinion—if for no other reason than it is different from your own.

Yes, we know that every married man has a grievance—and so has his wife until she becomes a widow.

Sometimes the popularity of a fad depends on the amount of foolishness there is back of it.

It has been observed that the average man is never so happy as when he is posing as a critic.

The average girl is a queer creature. She'll make fun of a young man one day and marry him the next.

Many a married man goes to the bow-wow by saloon for a "smile" because he sees nothing but frowns at home.

Few women make successful lawyers. They are unable to break themselves of the habit of giving free advice

Your Kitchen in War Time

Ways to Use Cottage Cheese

BY MARY FULLER WEST.

NOT more than two and a half weeks ago Herbert Hoover, talking in London, gave a most reassuring review of the food situation which now exists. In his speech before the men who are controlling Britain's food supply, he praised the American housewife for doing all she could during the past year to help feed the 220,000,000 people who are opposing Germany in the great struggle for democracy.

With the harvesting and milling of the next crop of wheat the situation will be greatly improved. It will no longer be necessary to use as large a proportion of substitute flours as we have in the past. However, Mr. Hoover very carefully pointed out that with restricted shipping the Allies must face a reduction in fodder imports, and so necessarily a decrease in animal products in the Allied countries proper.

In order that the people in these stricken countries may not suffer because of a lack of protein food which they need, America will have to supply the deficiency from what can be saved by reducing the normal consumption of beef. Hog production has been very large during the last year, and to some extent will help in supplying our tables with the meat we need.

However, it is just as well during the summer months to stay away from much meat and use less heating foods. Did you ever stop to think what might be done with cottage cheese?

Cottage cheese is richer in proteins—the chief material for body building—than most meats, and is very much cheaper. Every pound of it contains three ounces of protein, and it is also valuable as a source of energy, tho not so high as other foods with more fats. This deficiency can be remedied by adding cream, which is very commonly done.

Cottage cheese alone is an appetizing and nutritious dish. Served either with sweet or sour cream it forms an ideal dish. Some people like to add chopped onions, chives or caraway seeds to it to add to the flavor. But this is not at all necessary. However, there are numer our ways of combinjng cottage cheese with other foods to make attractive dishes, and there are some recipes appended which will help you to serve it in new and novel ways. Try them for supper this evening.

COTTAGE CHEESE WITH PRESERVES AND JELLIES—Pour over cottage cheese any fruit preserves, such as strawberries, figs or cherries. Serve with bread or crackers. If preferred, cottage cheese balls may be served separately and eaten with the preserves. A very dainty dish may be made by dropping a bit of jelly into a nest of the cottage cheese.

COTTAGE CHEESE SALAD—Mix thoroly one pound of cheese, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of cream, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and salt to taste. First, fill a rectangular tin mold with cold water to chill and wet the surface; line the bottom with waxed paper, then pack in three layers, putting two or three parallel strips of pimento between layers. Cover with waxed paper and set in a cool place until ready to serve; then run a knife around the sides and invert the mold. Cut in slices and serve on lettuce leaves with French dressing and wafers. Minced olives may be used instead of the parsley and chopped nuts also may be added.

BOSTON ROAST—One pound can of kidney beans or equivalent quantity of cooked beans, ½ pound of cottage cheese, bread crums, salt. Mash the beans or put them thru a meat grinder. Add the cheese and bread crumbs, enough to make the mixture sufficiently stiff to be formed into a roll. Bake in a moderate oven, basting occasionally with butter or other fat, and water. Serve with tomato sauce. This dish may be flavored with chopped onions, cooked in butter or other fat and a very little water until tender.

PIMENTO AND COTTAGE CHEESE ROAST—Two cupfuls of cooked lima beans, ¼ cup of cottage cheese, 5 canned pimentos, chopped, bread crumbs, salt. Put the first three ingredients thru a meat chopper. Mix thoroly and add bread crumbs until it is stiff enough to form into a roll. Brown in the oven, basting occasionally with butter or other fat, and water.

COTTAGE CHEESE AND NUT ROAST—One cupful of cottage cheese, 1 cupful of chopped English walnuts, 1 cupful of bread crumbs, 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped onion, 1 tablespoonful of butter, juice of half a lemon, salt and pepper. Cook the onion in the butter or other fat and a little water until tender. Mix the other ingredients and moisten with the water in which the onion has been cooked. Pour into a shallow baking dish and brown in the oven.

CHEESE SAUCE—(For use with eggs, milk toast, or other dishes.) One cupful of milk, 1 tablespoonful of cottage cheese, 2 tablespoonfuls of flour, salt and pepper to taste. Thicken the milk with the flour and just before serving add the cheese, stirring until it is melted.

This sauce may be used in preparing creamed eggs or for ordinary milk toast. The quantity of cheese in the recipe may be increased, making a sauce suitable for using with macaroni or rice.

Corn Sausages.

ONE cupful of milk.
One-half cupful of canned corn.
Four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch.
Dissolve the starch in the milk and add the corn. Place on the stove and bring to a boil. Cook slowly for five minutes and take care not to burn it. Remove from the fire and add
One teaspoonful of grated onion.
One and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt.
One-half teaspoonful of paprika.
Two teaspoonfuls of finely minced parsley.
Six tablespoonfuls of fine bread crumbs.
Mix well and then chill. Then mold into sausages. Roll in corn flour and fry in hot fat until golden brown.

Mixed Salad.

A SALAD which is noted for its tempting flavor rather than for its digestibility is made of raw cucumbers, cabbage, celery and walnut meats. To make it select firm, even, small cucumbers, and scoop out the inside thru a lengthwise slice taken from one side. Mix the pulp scooped out with salt and let it stand for an hour. Then drain it and chop it and add it to chopped cabbage, celery and walnut meats. Dress it with oil and vinegar and return it to the cucumber shells.

Cheese Pastry.

WHEN there is a puff paste left after making pies and tarts roll it out lightly and sprinkle over it grated cheese; fold the paste in three and sprinkle every fold with cheese. Cut shapes out with an ordinary cutter, brush them over with the beaten yolk of an egg, and bake in a quick oven

Oatmeal Betty.

TWO CUPS of cooked oatmeal. Four apples cut up small. One-half cup raisins. One-half cup sugar. One-fourth teaspoon cinnamon. Mix and bake for one-half hour. Serve hot or cold. Any dried or fresh friuts, dates or ground peanuts may be used instead of raisins. Will serve five people

Rice Spoon Bread.

PLACE in a saucepan four cupfuls of boiling water and add
One teaspoonful of salt.
One cupful of rice flour.
Cook very slowly for twenty minutes and then cool. Now add to this mixture
One cupful of water.
One egg.
One tablespoonful of shortening.
Four tablespoonfuls of sirup.
Five teaspoonfuls of baking powder.
One cupful of corn flour.
Beat hard to mix and then put in a well-greased baking pan and bake in a hot oven for thirty minutes. Cut in squares and serve hot. Prepare the rice mush on evening before.

Peppers Stuffed With Fresh Corn.

SIX sweet peppers, one-half cup milk, one-eighth teaspoon soda, oleomargarine, fresh corn, salt, pepper. Cut a thick slice from the stem end of sweet peppers, allowing one for each person to be served. Discard seeds and parboil peppers fifteen minutes in boiling salted water, to which soda has been added. Drain, fill with corn mixture, arrange on platter, sprinkle tops with paprika and garnish with parsley.

Combination Muffins.

METHOD of mixing: Add to the cup of milk the melted fat, sirup and slightly beaten egg; sift the salt, baking powder and flour together. Use a coarse sieve so that no part of the flour is wasted. Combine the two mixtures, stirring lightly without heating. Bake in a hot oven for twenty to thirty minutes, depending upon the size of the muffins

Pickled Tripe (Spiced).

SOAK three pounds of tripe three hours. Cut in inch squares. Boil in water enough to cover one hour. Drain and boil again in fresh water one hour. Drain and simmer three hours in vinegar, cider preferred, one pint water and one tablespoon of mixed pickling spices. Pack in a jar and set aside for use as needed.

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THE DESERTER

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You Can Go on From Here

LIEUT. WESLEY MASON, of the U. S. Navy embezzles the major portion of a pension fund, which is in his charge. He confesses to his brother, Gordon, who also holds a lieutenancy, and who has always gotten the younger brother, Wesley, out of scores of scrapes. The brothers look so much alike that they cannot be told apart except for the fact that Gordon has light hair while Wesley's hair is coal black. They both love Judith Grenville. Gordon agrees to steal the money from a fund in his keeping outside the Navy, make up Wesley's deficit, and flee, thereby freeing Wesley from blame. But first he gets Wesley to agree to his (Gordon's) dyeing his hair black and going to Judith and finding out which one she really loves. His hair dyed, Gordon goes to Judith, and finds that she loves him, taking him for Wesley. Gordon then makes good Wesley's deficit, deserts from the Navy and flees to South America where he becomes an operator attached to a lonely U. S. cable station under an assumed name. With war declared on Germany, Wesley, in command of a destroyer goes south and stops at the cable station. He meets Gordon. The latter is shocked when Wesley tells him he did not wed Judith, but married Polly Whipple because of her money. Gordon, angry because Wesley did not wed Judith and because of Wesley's selfishness, strips Wesley of his uniform, puts it on himself and goes aboard the destroyer as its commander. Gordon looks exactly like Wesley and the difference is not detected. Leaving Wesley at the lonely station, great adventure begins for Gordon. He meets Judith and has to act the part of husband to Polly. Later he runs the destroyer on a rock. When he faces the naval trial board the fear of a long prison term is too much for him, so he flees ashore and becomes a stowaway on a merchantman. However, he leaves behind him a confession of having robbed his brother Wesley of his command of the destroyer, and makes a clean breast of everything. Also, Judith, who has discovered that Gordon is in Wesley's place, promises to take a message to Wesley.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE STOWAWAY IS DETECTED.

WHEN Gordon left the yacht, with Judith's promise to carry his message to Wesley immediately, a great burden was lifted from his shoulders. Convinced that no one but himself would suffer any consequences of his wild adventure, he breathed easier, and began to view the situation with more philosophical calm. The thought of the sensation his secret would create amused him.

A strong desire to see the face of the Admiral when he read his written confession drew him to the water's front. A glance at the flagship showed him that the Admiral was still ashore. He shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

"I may as well enjoy the liberty while it lasts," he reflected. "I may not have the chance again."

The fear of running into Polly, who might make an awkward scene for him, kept him away from the fashionable section of the city. He wanted seclusion, and not publicity. The sight of an American uniform startled him, for by that time the news had been spread among the officers of the fleet that the Jacob Brown had been stranded on a rock.

No commander courted publicity under such circumstances, and Gordon dreaded sympathy as well as the scornful shrugging of shoulders of those who were ready to condemn him.

His footsteps led him away from the dock assigned to the use of the fleet, but he kept close to the water front, choosing that section of the city in preference to the interior. In a short time he found himself facing a steamer loading for a trip north. He watched proceedings apathetically for some time, scarcely conscious of what he was doing, but all the while his mind was vaguely picturing similar scenes transpiring in ports in another country.

Once when a native longshoreman passed him, he casually inquired: "When does the Antilles sail?"

"In a few days—soon's she's loaded."

"Bound for New York?"

The native, observing his uniform, saluted and nodded his head. When he had passed on, Gordon experienced a sudden wave of homesickness. New York! It was more than two years since he had been in his native land. How good it would be to see it once more, free to go and come, and to roam the streets of its cities. How had Newport changed under the stimulating impulse of the war! What bustling scenes of activity must be transpiring in every port and at every naval station!

An intense longing to see and participate in his country's efforts to take its part in the great conflict blinded him. The thought of imprisonment made him bitter. It overwhelmed him. He gritted his teeth and clinched his fists.

"I can't stand it!" he muttered. "I'd rather die than rot in prison!" He rose from his seat. "No, I'll not return as a prisoner. I'll go back as a free man, and then——"

He shrugged his shoulders. If arrest followed, he would resign himself to his fate, but not willingly would he yield himself up to inevitable punishment.

Judith hardly entered his mind until after his decision was made. Then a little qualm of conscience disturbed him. Would she lose what little shred of respect she still had for him when she learned that he had run away the second time—deserted in a crisis, afraid to face his punishment?

It was not in the Navy code to run away from trial and punishment! He winced at the thought, and for a moment reconsidered his decision. But not even Judith could hold him long to what he looked upon as an exaggerated sense of duty.

"It will be nothing to her," he reasoned, "what becomes of me. Why should it?"

He laughed bitterly and sat down upon a cane bench and watched the loading of the Antilles. But he could not readily banish from his mind all thoughts of her. Their last meeting on the yacht had considerably shaken him, and now came the thought that, if she had recognized him by his voice that day on the destroyer, had she not been equally quick to detect something familiar in his tones on that never to be forgotten night at Newport when he had so ardently declared his passion.

His cheeks reddened. But the passing emotion soon left him satisfied again that his deception had been complete. He laughed at his fancy.

"If she'd recognized me, she'd acted differently," he argued. "It was Wes she loved."

The loading of the steamer continued to fascinate him. Boxes and bales of goods were going into the hold, longshoremen coming and going in a steady stream. Gordon mused upon the general laxity of system and discipline among them. They were a motley collection of humanity so characteristic of Southern ports—natives, half-breeds, white derelicts, young men and old, with a scattering of Orientals and negroes.

He watched for another hour, and then rose quietly to his feet, with his mind made up. Avoiding the better section of the city, he strolled thru the short, narrow streets close to the water front until he found what he was looking for.

He Was to All Appearances an Ordinary Dock Loafer or Idle Longshoreman.

It was a cheap clothing store. Gordon realized that the appearance of an American naval officer dressed in full uniform in that part of the city attracted considerable attention, but unmindful of the gazing eyes of the loiterers he entered and made his purchases. When he finally emerged, with a package under his arm, he strolled away until half a mile from the store. Entering a cheap saloon he paid a good price for the use of a room in back.

By this time he felt he was almost a professional in the art of disguising himself, and he grinned in the process of changing his appearance, but in no previous transformation had he accomplished quite such radical results. With a cheap pair of scissors, he cropped his dyed hair close to his head. Close to his head it was natural in color.

Next with a piece of burnt cork he blackened his features until his closest friend could not recognize him. Then he removed his natty uniform and dressed himself in the cheap clothing he had purchased, rough shirt, coarse shoes, and hat.

When he emerged from the room, carrying his naval uniform in a bundle, he was to all appearances an ordinary dock loafer or idle longshoreman. He had no difficulty in passing for one. Eyes were no longer turned curiously toward him. Among the idle hundreds he was merely an unidentified unit, whose coming and going concerned no one.

There was time to make his preparations complete, for the steamer would not sail for several days, and no search would be made for him by the American naval officers for the present. Not until his failure to report in person aboard the flagship had excited suspicion of foul play would any hue and cry be raised.

Still clinging to his bundle, he made the rounds of several stores to purchase small quantities of canned goods, bottled drinks and preserves, which he tucked away in his bundle. He could not bring himself to the point of destroying his uniform. A certain respect for it withheld him from any desecration of the insignia of his previous position.

It was late at night when Gordon, disguised as a dock laborer, made his way out on the pier where the Antilles had been loading all day. The watchmen were on duty, but the warm, tropical night was not conducive to mental alertness. He had no great difficulty in avoiding them and sneaking up the freight gangway to the lower deck. Once there he made his way down into the hold, and quietly composed himself for a night's sleep.

The loading of the steamer had been resumed when Gordon finally opened his eyes again. It was broad daylight, but down in his hiding place all was darkness, except for a shaft of light that came thru the hatchway.

Monotonously and steadily bales and boxes were lowered into the hold all day. Sometimes the men handling them below were within a few yards of the stowaway, but Gordon remained concealed, watching and listening sleepily.

He called sparingly upon his supply of food and drink, for he knew they had to last him for the trip. He had no intention of showing himself when the ship got out to sea, as most stowaways apparently do. He had prepared for all eventualities and figured out the exact amount of food and drink he would need before the steamer reached New York.

For three days the steamer was held in port, Gordon growing more restless and impatient by the hour. The last of the cargo had been put aboard, and the reason for the ship's delay puzzled him.

But early on the fourth day a new excitement and bustling told him that the hour for sailing was approaching. The last of the mails and passengers were coming aboard. A hoarse blast of the steamer's whistle, then renewed and intensified bustling and shouting of voices, followed by a period of calm. Gordon waited with bated breath.

Then came the final signal to cast off. A series of blasts echoed from the bowels of the steamer and lost themselves on the air. A few moments later the Antilles was moving slowly from her pier for the open sea.

With the voyage begun, Gordon's nerves relaxed. To make the long, monotonous trip endurable, he planned various amusements for himself. Among other things he had provided himself with was a pocket flashlight, which now enabled him to find his way easily around the hold. Everything had been considered except the air of the dark prison.

The cargo was a miscellaneous collection of tropical goods that had a way of mingling their odors in one composite whole that was nauseating. In the stifling heat of the hold the odors were intensified, and after one day of it Gordon was so sickened by breathing the foul air that he waited anxiously for night when he could steal out of his hiding place and get a whiff of fresh air on deck.

There was no great risk in this, for the hatches were left open during the run thru the tropics. He scrambled out of the hold and took his first deep breath of pure air for days. It was so refreshing that he determined to spend his nights on deck, and return to the hold only when morning dawned again.

After resting for a couple of hours near the open hatch, ready to dive down it if any one appeared, he grew restless. The need of exercise seemed almost as imperative as the fresh air. He began pacing back and forth, keeping a sharp lookout around. His part of the ship seemed deserted, and the lack of all lights aroused his curiosity.

Then the reason for it occurred to him. "Afraid of submarines!" he mused. "Well, that makes it easier for me."

The report of submarines off the coast had resulted in stringent orders regarding lights aboard the steamer. Every porthole was closed, and the steamer's decks were clothed in utter darkness.

Gordon smiled at his good luck. They would not be looking for stowaways. Every eye would be watching for periscopes. Emboldened by this reflection, he strolled further and further from his hiding place until he came to the upper forward deck reserved for passengers.

In the darkness he could not be distinguished by either his clothes or blackened face. The few figures moving around all looked alike. Passengers were even forbidden to strike a match to light a cigarette.

He moved freely among them, enjoying the novel sensation. A nervous, suppressed excitement pervaded everywhere. Once a man spoke to him, asking anxiously:

"Do you think there's anything to that rumor of submarines?"

Gordon shrugged his shoulders and gave a noncommital reply. Not anxious to go so far as to get into conversation with any of the passengers, he strolled on and took a vacant chair near the rail-

ing. In the darkness he had not seen another figure reclining in a second chair a few feet from him. When he made this discovery, he decided he would keep moving.

As he rose to go a hand suddenly shot out and touched his arm. "Would you mind telling me the time?" a voice asked. "Or, can't you see in the dark? I suppose it's against the rules to strike a match."

Gordon came to an abrupt standstill. Every nerve in his body tingled. That voice he would recognize among a million. Yes, clearly a voice had qualities that the owner could not disguise. Judith Grenville was a passenger aboard the Antilles, and was now asking him the time of night.

Gordon hesitated before answering. His startling discovery did not overpower his control. He recalled in a flash how Judith had once before recognized him by his voice. Clearing his throat, he made an effort to speak roughly and in disguise.

"I don't know the time. No, they won't let us strike a match."

Judith was silent. Gordon waited the fraction of a second, and then moved on his way, glad he had escaped detection. In a shiver of apprehension, he was on the point of increasing his pace when the dark figure rose from the chair and glided swiftly to his side. She caught his arm and thrust her face close to his.

"Gordon," she whispered.

Perhaps his shaven head and blackened features disturbed her, for she continued to gaze at him with puzzled eyes, her hand began to tremble slightly.

"Gordon, speak to me!" she added.

Now that was the last thing he wanted to do. He knew that his voice would betray him. He tried to thrust her aside, but she clung to him.

"I won't let you go until you do speak," she insisted. "Just a word—and I'll know."

"I—I—who do you take me for?" he blurted out in as thick a voice as he could assume.

For reply she clung tighter to him. He knew that she was smiling up at him, her eyes dancing merrily. A delicious little laugh escaped her lips.

"You need a course in elocution, Gordon," she drawled, "before you can disguise your voice from me. I recognized you the instant you opened your mouth."

CHAPTER X.

GORDON CAPTURES A SUBMARINE.

THE presence of Judith aboard the Antilles disturbed Gordon's peace of mind, for it meant awkward explanations, which he preferred to reach her ears from some other source, a confession that he was running away from an investigation of his act in wrecking the destroyer. There was in his own mind a feeling that he was taking a cowardly course, which, in conjunction with his desertion from the Navy, could only awaken in her contempt and disgust for him.

But if Judith entertained any such emotion, she was tactful and considerate enough to conceal it from him. She asked no questions, but volunteered all the information of her own acts that he needed. She had carried the letter to Wesley, delivering it in person, and following previously arranged plans she was returning home on the Antilles.

In the darkness of the after deck, with only an occasional passenger in sight, she talked as naturally and calmly as if they were back in Newport before the war, with nothing more disturbing in view than the question of who should lead the next cotillion. And under the hypnotic influence of her presence, Gordon was almost convinced at times that the two intervening years had been but a dream, and he was actually back with the fleet waiting for orders to proceed to target practice.

Finally, he came back to solid earth with a jolt, and, laughing a little bitterly, turned to her with the remark: "You haven't asked a question about me, Judith. I wonder why."

She seemed to pause and frown before replying. "I suppose," she replied, rising with him, "it's because I feel that when the proper time comes you'll tell me all that's necessary. Meanwhile, I do not want to know."

Gordon was a little puzzled. Such faith and friendship almost frightened him. Was he worthy of it? Could he conduct himself so that her trust in him was justified? Had he in the past lived up to her ideals of honor? Was there not in every man's life things which he would not care to discuss with a wife or mother or sweetheart?

He turned abruptly from her. "I must return," he said quietly. "It's getting late, and I'm keeping you up."

"I'm not sure but I'll stay up all night," she replied, smiling. "Most of the passengers are sleeping on chairs fully dressed, and I'm silly enough to want to do the same."

"You think there's danger from submarines?" he queried thoughtfully. A desire to be near her if any such emergency rose held him in indecision.

"Don't you?" she asked whimsically.

Gordon smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "I don't intend to lose any sleep over it," he answered. "However, a life-belt might be a good bedfellow on such a night. Yes, I'd keep one handy. And"—hesitating—"if anything happens I'll be at your side. You might give me an idea of the location of your stateroom. I know the ship pretty well, and could quickly find you."

She volunteered the information.

Half an hour later Gordon was lying at full length in one of the starboard lifeboats swinging from the davits, dreaming of a pair of eyes and blinking up at the host of stars in the heavens. Deciding that it was not necessary to return to his hot hiding place until early dawn, he had chosen this retreat as the safest place to enjoy the fresh air while he slept.

But sleep did not come easily. His mind was actively recalling the past and forecasting the future. There were pleasant as well as bitter memories. He must have slumbered finally, for he was awakened from his dreams by a noise-splitting crash that puzzled him.

His first impression was, when he recovered his scattered wits, that the ship had been torpedoed, but another explosion following quickly on the first clarified his mind. It was the bursting of a shell on the upper deck of the steamer. Part of the wireless and a section of the superstructure were carried away and fell with a crash.

Gordon sat up and glanced in the direction of the firing. "It's a U-boat shelling us!" he growled. "The cowardly Huns!"

A flash of light made a rift in the blanket of darkness, and another shell came hurtling thru the air. The hoarse blast of the steamer's whistle almost drowned the noise of the gun in the distance, but not the explosion that came when the shell burst. It was ear-splitting, deafening! Gordon had good reason to fear it. The shell exploded directly over his head, scattering death-dealing missiles all around him.

They crashed into the lifeboat, splintering the sides and bottom, wrecking the davits, and cutting the tackle to shreds. He was hardly conscious of what had happened until he began dropping thru space. The wrecked lifeboat tipped on end and made a complete somersault before it splashed into the water.

Gordon landed head first, and went under to a depth that seemed suffocating. When he finally swam to the surface again the steamer, whose speed had not yet been checked, was a long distance away from him. A few floating splinters tossed up by the waves appeared to be the only part of the lifeboat left.

Gordon was a good swimmer. Apparently the captain of the Antilles had tried to run away from the submarine at first, but the shells were now bringing her to a stop.

As if in punishment for attempting to escape, the Germans were shelling her in the most brutal way, shattering the decks and killing and wounding innocent passengers. Gordon gritted his teeth with rage, and forgot his own plight in his anger.

"The cowardly curs!" he breathed hoarsely. "I'd like to——"

He thought of the wrecked destroyer and was almost overcome with rage and chagrin. With a chance to get at the U-boat with the Jacob Brown, he would willingly sacrifice his life and glory in it.

The shelling of the steamer continued for several minutes longer, the submarine drawing closer when it found the Antilles unarmed. With no guns aboard the steamer was as helpless as a child in the clutches of a prize fighter.

Gordon had not been able to locate the U-boat, except by the flashes from the guns, but now a wash of the sea a few yards away focused his eyes in its direction. One more explosion from her deck and the outline of the craft was revealed to him with startling clearness.

It was not more than a few yards away! It was drifting idly on the surface, having come to a stop now that the steamer had halted. Not knowing what might happen to him, but consumed by rage and a desire to escape from the water Gordon swam noiselessly toward it.

When he touched the side it slipped from his grasp. The curving deck offered no hold. All but the stern had slipped past him when his hands suddenly came in contact with a short length of chain. Clutching desperately at this he pulled himself up and held there in a moment of indecision.

He could make out the dim outlines of the crew assembled forward. They had come out of the conning tower like rats from a sewer pipe to gloat over the sufferings of their victims. One figure was standing half in the conning tower with only the upper part of his body exposed to view.

Gordon took unreasoning dislike to this one, who laughed in a harsh, guttural voice, and issued orders that were promptly obeyed. He was the man responsible for the cruel slaughter of the innocents. As the commander of the piratical craft he more than any of the members of the crew deserved punishment.

A man has but one life to lose. Then why not give it in a worthy cause? It flashed through Gordon's mind that this would be a good time to square his accounts with the Navy. If he could once get his hands around the throat of the officer nothing short of instantaneous death could ever loosen his hold.

He drew himself up higher until he rested on the narrow platform of the deck. There was no one aft. The whole crew were gathered forward enjoying the misery of their victims, joking and laughing among themselves. Even the commander, with only half his body protruding from the conning tower, was turned to him.

All around was darkness—intense blackness of a moonless night. The steamer in the distance was ablaze with lights now and the submarine was showing starboard and port lights, while the reflection of a glare from below illumined the features of the man in the conning tower.

Gordon crept closer and closer, the thirst for vengeance increasing with every second. The thought that perhaps Judith was among the killed or wounded sent the blood boiling thru his veins. He saw nothing but red.

He reached the base of the conning tower unseen. A short iron ladder led up to it. To cover the distance he had to expose himself partly to the watching officer. He crawled up three rungs until his head was nearly on a level with the top.

No one had seen him yet, for all eyes were turned in the direction of the steamer, nor did the commander suspect danger. He was still laughing gutturally, and occasionally giving an order.

Gordon clutched the top rung of the ladder and prepared for the spring. There was only one thought in his mind—to kill the U-boat commander before assistance could come. They could shoot him or throw him overboard then. It didn't matter how death came. But he had to make sure of his victim.

He waited, gathering all his strength for the spring, dreading only one thing—that something might interfere before he could accomplish his purpose. If he slipped, if he miscalculated the distance, if the officer saw him first and drew his gun—if he failed in any way it would mean worse than death to him, for his life would be sacrificed for nothing.

The commander opened his mouth to shout an order below, his head turned for the instant downward. Gordon knew that the opportunity had come, and with the spring of a leopard he leaped upward and caught the man by the throat with both hands.

There was no time to scream or shout, for Gordon's fingers encircled the throat with the tension of steel springs. They sunk deep into the skin, choking even the guttural oath into silence. It was a silent struggle for a moment, and then one of the crew forward heard the commotion and gave the alarm.

Gordon knew that in another moment the whole crew would be upon him. There was no time to risk further delay. Choking was too slow a process. Throwing all his strength in one mighty effort he flung the head backward against the iron sides of the conning tower.

There was a crack like the breaking of a skull, and the man in his grasp stiffened and lay limp and lifeless in his grasp. Surprised by his success, Gordon held the limp figure a moment and then hearing the shouts behind him he released his hold.

The body slipped down inside the conning tower with a dull thud. Gordon climbed in after him just as a bullet whizzed over his head. He crouched below the top of the narrow tower to escape the fusillade of bullets that were

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now playing on the outside like the rattle of rain on a tin pan.

The sight of the limp body of the commander at his feet attracted his attention. Protruding from his belt was a navy automatic. With a swift dive Gordon jerked it from its bolster and sprang back to repel the crew.

His hand came in violent contact with the handle of a lever and he swore softly at it. But a moment later he nearly shouted for joy. The conning tower was opened and closed by a hand lever as well as by electric power from below. It was an emergency lever in case the automatic mechanism was out of order.

With a quick, violent pull Gordon swung the lever full over to one side. There was a low grating sound and then the stars over his head disappeared. The last thing he saw was the face of one of the crew, who had reached the top just as the iron door closed before his eyes.

But with the danger from outside cut off, Gordon came suddenly face to face with another inside. Not all of the crew was on deck, and the noise had attracted the atention of those inside. When Gordon swung around he saw a junior officer staring at him with eyes that refused to believe the evidences of his own senses.

In that moment of hesitation he lost the initiative. Ruthlessly, and without any qualms of conscience, Gordon shot point blank at such a close range that the body was blown a foot backward by the force of the concussion.

"Two of 'em!" Gordon muttered grimly, looking from the dead junior officer to the inert figure of the commander. "I wonder how many more?"

He wasn't long left in doubt. Two figures came running thru the long tunnel-like body of the submarine, and seeing a stranger they stopped and stared stupidly at him.

"Hands up!" Gordon growled, covering them with his gun. They were common seamen or mechanics and they promptly obeyed, their eyes almost popping out of their heads.

Gordon debated a moment whether to shoot them at once. They were cowering with fear. None of the defiance and arrogance of the Prussian officer in them! They were trembling like children suddenly confronted by a hobgoblin on a dark night.

"Any more in there?" he demanded in German, nodding his head in the direction of the mess quarters.

They shook their heads negatively, but Gordon was taking nothing for granted. He searched the dimly lighted interior with his eyes and listened intently.

"All right!" he added finally. "Stand up by that wall! No, keep your hands over your heads! I'm going to search you. See your commander and this officer"—jerking his head downward—"well, that's what you'll get if you move."

The sight of the dead men completely unnerved them and Gordon approached them warily, relieving first one and then the other of weapons. He felt measurably safer then, even if there were others lurking in the shadows.

"March forward now!" he commanded. "I'm going to search the boat for more of your friends. Keep ahead of me, and hands up!"

Thru the long, narrow tunnel he went, using his prisoners as a shield, ready at a moment's notice to shoot on sight. Not until he had searched every section of the boat, even to opening lockers and prodding mattresses, was he satisfied. Then he drew a sigh of relief and permitted a broad smile to spread over his face. He was in complete possession of the submarine!

CHAPTER XI.

THE ADVENTURER IS SATISFIED.

HIS unexpected capture of the submarine was almost as great a surprise to Gordon as to the officers and crew. He had anticipated no such luck, nor had he at the beginning even dreamed of such an ambitious undertaking. Events had followed each other so rapidly that he had been given no time to consider such an eventuality.

Now that he was in full possession the question was what to do with his prize. Manifestly he could not open the conning tower and face the irate crew outside. It looked for a moment as if he was caught in a trap.

Over his head the pounding of feet and hands indicated some of the rage of the crew. They were tugging futilely at the door to open it. Their oaths and poundings amused Gordon, but a moment later it occurred to him that, in their desperation, they might blow up the boat and sink her. The only question was whether they had any bombs or explosives to do this with.

"They'll find some way to wreck it," he mused thoughtfully. "I must beat them to it."

One of the crew was fussing with the periscope on the outside. They might smash that, and cripple him for diving, but it would not render him helpless in surface navigation.

Gordon's training made him familiar with submarines, and tho the type he was on was different in some particulars from the American submersibles he made a hasty examination of the machinery and concluded he could operate the boat safely.

He asked one of his prisoners: "What's your business?"

"Engineer's assistant," was the reply.

"And yours?" he queried turning to the other.

"Electrician and mechanic."

"Good!" he muttered under his breath. Then aloud: "Do you want to live or be shot? If you obey orders nothing will happen to you. I'm going to steer, and you're going to run the engines. You, Hans or Fritz, start the dynamos, and you" turning to the other—"look after the engines. We're going to submerge a few feet—not far but a little."

He grinned as he thought of the consequences of submerging. The crew on the sloping deck would be washed off, and drowned if not picked up. He recalled vividly how more than one German commander had treated passengers of wrecked merchantmen to this punishment. It would be like administering a dose of their own medicine to them.

"Understand now!" he shouted angrily. "If you don't obey orders, or if you try any trick, I'll shoot you down like dogs. Take a good look at your commander and his first officer!"

He pointed to the two dead bodies crumpled up where they had fallen. The frightened men shuddered and nodded their heads vigorously. They had been trained to obey so thoroly that a command was almost the same whether it was given by one of their own officers or by an enemy.

Gordon drove them to their separate stations, and when the machinery began to whir he took his position in the narrow, cramped quarters facing the periscope. All was dark outside and he could see nothing. Trusting more to luck than to sight, he steered straight ahead, submerging gradually when the boat gained headway.

Ten feet, twenty feet under the water the dial registered! That depth he concluded was as good as a hundred feet. No one could cling to the curved deck and live for any great length of time. Most of the crew outside would be swept off by the waves in the first few feet of submergence.

Running at half speed, he continued at this depth for fifteen minutes, and then reversed the horizontal rudder and slowly came to the surface again. With the submarine resting quietly on the top of the water, he cautiously opened the door of the conning tower and peeked out.

Fore and aft the deck was swept clean of every human being. He was now in full possession of the craft inside and out. The only enemies he had to consider were the two docile, frightened members of the crew below.

Off in the distance he could see the lights of the Antilles. The first gray streaks of morning were breaking in the east so that he could make out plainly the surface of the ocean. Here and there pieces of wreckage floated around, but to none of them clung a human being.

The fear that the steamer might be sinking, and Judith was in danger, checked the exultant smile on his lips. If the Antilles went down he would have his hands full rescuing the passengers.

Once more he ordered the seamen to start the machinery, but this time he ran on the surface, with the conning tower open so that he could see in all directions. Slowly and cautiously he approached the Antilles, keeping a sharp lookout for any swimmers. He had no intention of falling into the same trap that he had sprung on the Germans.

He passed two or three bodies, which he recognized by their uniforms as members of the crew of the submarine. They were past rescuing, having paid the penalty of the inhuman warfare they had practiced on others.

The commotion on the steamer had subsided somewhat, but the approach of the submarine again renewed the alarm. It was not until Gordon had approached near enough to hail the captain that the excitement ceased.

"Are you sinking, captain?" he called.

"No, we can keep afloat. Who are you?"

"Lieut. Gordon Mason of the United States Navy."

The silence that followed amused Gordon. Passengers and crew were too stunned to take in the significance of his information. The skipper of the Antilles finally managed to reply

"What are you doing aboard that U-boat if you're an American officer? It's a German, isn't it?"

"Not now! It belongs to the United States. I've captured her, but I'm short of a crew. Can you lend me a few able-bodied seamen?"

When these words had time to sink in his listeners' minds a rumbling roar, followed by cheers, rent the air. Women and children cried and leaned over the railing, while men threw their hats in the air and hugged each other

"I'm coming aboard!" the captain of the Antilles called back finally.

"Bring a crew with you, and an American flag if you have an extra one," replied Gordon.

By the time the small boat from the steamer reached the side of the U-boat, daylight had spread over the sea. Gordon welcomed the skipper with a smile and open arms.

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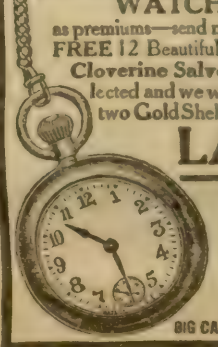

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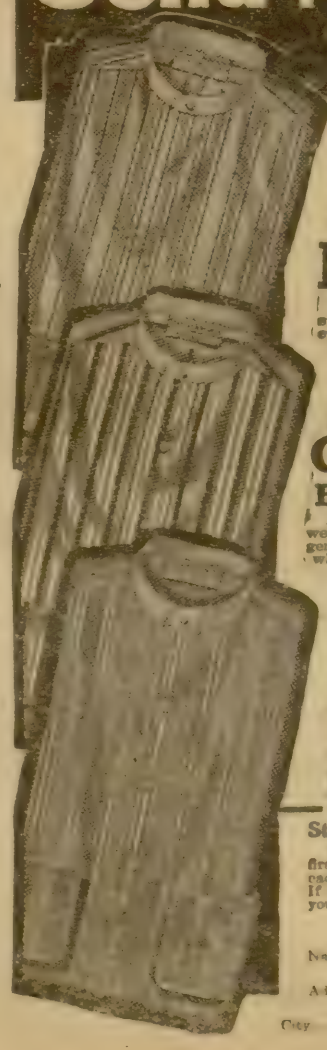

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"I'm glad you can spare me a few men," he said. "Send them below to watch my prisoners. They may attempt to blow us up. Here, take these with you."

He handed a couple of the seamen the spare guns he had taken from the dead officers and the two German sailors. With the vitals of the submarine guarded by husky American seamen, Gordon felt relieved.

"Many injured by the shelling?" he asked the captain.

"A few—but nobody killed. We can make port under our own steam. They didn't attempt to torpedo us, thank God!"

"No they wanted to save their torpedoes. Thought they had an unarmed merchantman at their mercy."

The captain stared around at the strange craft, his eyes bulging with surprise and interest.

"Any ladies among the injured?" Gordon inquired.

"No, only a couple of children and half a dozen men—two of the crew and the rest passengers."

"Then I'll show you my prize!" exclaimed Gordon, his mind set at rest concerning Judith. "She's a first class submarine—runs as smooth as oil."

"But—but how'd you do it? How'd you capture it?" stammered the old skipper.

Gordon told of his exciting experiences briefly, beginning with his fall into the sea when the lifeboat was shattered by a shell. He made no explanation of the reason for his sleeping in the small boat, nor his presence aboard as a stowaway. The skipper was too excited and interested in other things to make inquiries.

"I can't believe it yet," he muttered in surprise. "It's got anything in fiction beaten. Why, sir, it's simply marvelous!"

"It's part of the duty of a naval officer to do marvelous things!" replied Gordon, struggling to keep a straight face. "Ever read American naval history? Yes? Well, then you shouldn't be surprised at anything."

"After this I won't," replied the skipper.

The skipper smiled broadly and shook Gordon's hand until it hurt.

The Antilles was not seriously injured. Most of the shells had struck the upper decks, but in view of the damage done, and the wounded passengers aboard, the captain decided he would return to Barranquilla instead of going on. A leak might develop later, and it was safer to return to the nearest port for an examination of the hull.

Gordon coincided with this view. He was anxious to accompany the steamer until he could deliver his prize over to the Navy. His journey northward had been permanently interrupted, and after all he would have to face the court-martial. But in view of his exploit he had less dread of its findings than before. He had had his fling after all, and squared his account with the Navy.

Half an hour later they were headed for Barranquilla. From the deck of the Antilles Gordon could see the face of the girl he loved. She was watching him. Occasionally a hand waved to him, and he knew that Judith was sharing in his triumph.

CHAPTER XII.

REAL LOVE NEVER FAILS.

WITH only the Stars and Stripes waving over its stern to distinguish it from an enemy boat the submarine entered the harbor of Barranquilla, its appearance exciting a commotion that extended from the outer cordon of destroyers to the big battleships riding safely at anchor inside. The destroyers came racing out to meet it.

When the commanders learned the details of the capture Gordon was escorted inside the port by the two destroyers, with their crews and officers surveying the craft with amazement and its commander with undisguised admiration, mingled, perhaps, with a little envy. A report of the incident was wirelessed to the flagship, and when the submarine finally came to anchor alongside it the Admiral and his staff were eagerly waiting to learn of more particulars.

It was a grim old Admiral in command of the fleet—one of the fighting kind, who had won his honors by hard work in long years of sea duty—hearty, gruff and outspoken, with hair whitening about the temples, but with eyes as keen and snappy as a youth of 20. Gordon boarded the flagship, saluted and stood at attention.

"I have to report, sir," he said quite formally, "the capture of the U-boat 19. She's lying at anchor in the harbor for your inspection."

Without a flicker of an eyelash, the old Admiral returned the salute, and asked:

"What were your casualties in battle, Lieutenant?"

"I am happy to report none, sir. My men acquitted themselves with honor. There were no deaths or casualties."

Neither the Admiral or any member of his staff betrayed the slightest indication of a smile. It was a part of the formalities of the service. Gordon was

Throwing All His Strength in One Mighty Effort He Flung the Head Backward Against the Iron Sides of the Conning Tower.

as grave and serious as if he were reporting the death of a dozen seamen.

"Let me congratulate you, Lieutenant."

Then the stiff face of the Admiral relaxed and a broad smile spread over it. He took two strides forward and grasped Gordon by the hand.

"I've heard the story by wireless," he added. "Now, I want the details from your lips."

Once more Gordon related the incidents of the capture, with the commander of the fleet and his gold-braided staff as an eager, silent audience. To them it was a new chapter in the annals of naval achievements which made the history of the service so glorious. It was worthy of the best traditions of the past.

When Gordon had finished he stood a moment in silence. There was a perceptible change in his face. He raised his hand again in salute to his commander. "I have to report further, sir, that I have come to surrender myself. There are two charges against me—deserting the Navy and running my ship on a rock."

A menacing scowl clouded the grim face of the old sea Admiral. "Three sir," he interrupted in a sharp voice. "You are charged with attacking and overpowering an officer on duty and running away with his ship. That, sir, is piracy!"

Gordon nodded, his face flushing. The Admiral turned to one of his staff officers. "What were the findings of the board of inquiry in the case of the Jacob Brown?" he asked. "Read them!"

Captain Rann, as if previously prepared for this question, stepped forward, and drew a paper from his pocket. "We found, sir, that the Jacob Brown was not run upon a rock as supposed, but on a steamer that had been previously wrecked off the coast. As the destroyer was successfully floated without any great damage to the hull, and whereas its commander could not have known of the existence of the sunken steamer at that spot, the board of inquiry brought in a verdict exonerating Lieutenant Mason from all blame."

Gordon started and flushed happily at this information. He had not been careless or derelict in his duty in that respect. More than anything else it relieved his mind, for the stain of incompetency had been blotted out, which is the hardest for a naval officer to carry thru life.

"The verdict was unanimous?" queried the Admiral, glancing from one officer to another.

"Yes, sir—unanimous."

"Then it stands approved.

Once more he turned to Gordon. "That charge is dismissed, sir. On the other two you will be tried in the usual way. Meanwhile, in consideration of your exploit, I shall parole you in the custody of Captain Rann, who will be responsible for your person."

With a twinkle in his eyes, which he could not entirely conceal, the commander dismissed the hastily convened court and walked away, leaving Gordon standing nonplussed. A young lieutenant tapped him on the shoulder. "This way, sir."

Instead of prison Gordon was lead to the cabin of the flagship where he was granted certain liberties that he was in honor bound to respect. Nominally a prisoner held under charges, he was treated with the respect of an officer who had accomplished something extraordinary. Even the young lieutenant smiled and showed unusual friendliness.

"You'll be quite comfortable here," he remarked. "The Admiral left orders to see that you had everything you needed."

"I wonder, then, if I could have a cigarette," was the comment. "I'm dying for a smoke."

"It's not in my orders," the officer replied, producing a pack of cigarettes, "but it ought to come under the head of needed comforts."

"Thank you. I believe you're right. A cigarette is more of a comfort than food just now."

He lighted it and puffed leisurely before speaking again. "When will the court-martial be convened?" he asked.

"The court-martial! Oh, at the Admiral's convenience, I suppose. But you're not worrying about that, are you? It's a mere formality—rules of the service, you know."

Gordon looked thoughtfully at him. "Desertions——" he began.

The lieutenant laughed and shrugged his shoulders. "You came back of your own free will, didn't you?" he queried.

"Yes—but under rather unusual circumstances. If I condoned one crime I committed a bigger one to get back."

The other nodded. "Yes, but this capture of the U-boat, and you know you have a friend who's been pleading your cause, don't you?"

"A friend!"—puzzled.

"I think she's coming now,"—nodding toward the door. "You may want to speak to her alone. "I'll stand outside, and I'm a little deaf—on occasions."

Gordon was puzzled as he watched the door, on which some one was knocking. The young officer opened it, bowed, and stepped outside. Judith passed him and entered.

Gordon's eyes lighted up quickly. Judith's eyes were bright and sparkling. An awkward silence fell between them, but recalling the lieutenant's last remarks Gordon found his tongue first.

"Are you the friend who's been pleading with the Admiral for me, Judith?" he asked.

"I've been telling him the truth, Gordon," she replied. "I explained some little things—not all, of course—before I left Barranquilla on the Antilles. I knew he would listen to me. He's a dear old thing, the Admiral, I mean. I've known him since he trotted me on his knee as a little girl. I learned as long ago as then how to make him think my way. I told him you had deserted under a misapprehension——"

"But that wasn't true!"

"Not entirely, but in part!" she retorted. "You deserted to save Wesley. I learned that in time to prevent serious complications. If you had only consulted me all this—this wouldn't have happened. But I'm not sure but I'm glad it did happen. To think, Gordon, you captured the submarine single-handed, and brought it into port! The news of it is being flashed all over the country, and you'll be a national hero!"

"National heroes are apt to be knocked off their pedestals in a short time," he commented, grinning. "I wasn't thinking of that when I played the trick."

"No, I know you weren't and that's what makes it all the more wonderful!" she declared.

Gordon smiled at her enthusiasm, for he was human enough to enjoy the thrill that her commendation induced.

"But what did you tell the Admiral?" he added after a pause.

"That you had had difficulty in handling some private funds intrusted to you, and thru a mix-up in your accounts you thought you had made a serious misuse of them. The fear of exposure had terrified you, and you had fled."

"Well, that's about right. I did misuse the funds."

"To pay for Wesley's shortage," she rejoined.

"How'd you find that out?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders and smiled. "I knew something was wrong

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and made Wesley confess I got at the truth finally, and——"

He waited for her to proceed.

"I put an expert accountant on your books," she added slowly. "And, Gordon," flushing violently, "he found you had made a mistake. The money was all there, and you had fled for nothing."

Gordon looked at her in amazement for a moment. Had he made any such serious blunder? The eyes blazing so defiantly at him wavered and dropped.

"Oh!" he exclaimed suddenly, as the truth dawned upon him. "You replaced the money and got the accountant to juggle the figures!"

"The money was all there!" she asserted stubbornly, but her words were not convincing.

He laughed a little bitterly. "Do you think I'll let you do that?" he asked. "I'll never——"

"You can't help it, Gordon!" she cried in alarm. "That was done over two years ago, and it can't be undone. The fund account was closed long ago."

"Then I'm indebted to you, among other things, to the tune of several thousand dollars, Judith! Well, I'll pay it back, but it will take a deuced long time even if I'm reinstated and given my old salary. Still——"

She was watching him shyly, half fearfully, a crimson stain on either cheek.

"I thought, Gordon," she began hesitatingly, "when people became engaged money affairs became mutual, and——"

"Engaged!"

She nodded brazenly.

"Why—when?" he asked, and smiled.

"At Newport—two years ago. Didn't you propose, and didn't I accept?" she said demurely.

It was his turn to show color and flinch before her direct gaze. A sudden rush of memory overwhelmed him. He recalled her boast she would know him from Wesley in the dark by his voice. Had she known all along——

"Judith," he exclaimed, "did you know me that—that—night?"

"Know you?" she laughed, raising her eyebrows mockingly. "Why, Gordon, you betray yourself every time you open your mouth. Didn't I tell you that once?"

"And you love me now!" he exclaimed, reaching out for her hand.

"I didn't say so," she retorted, retreating from him. "But," she added, half defiantly, "you might find out."

The End.

Fortune Tellers.

"CAN I give you a hand at beating that rug?" asked the fireman's wife.

"Help yourself. The old rag has me nearly kilt," laughed the policeman's better half.

"Do you know, Mrs. Mullen," frowned the fireman's wife, "I have the most dreadful feeling over me lately imaginable. I was thinking of seeing a fortune teller, to find what in the world is going to happen. I was telling the fireman about my plans, but he threw cold water upon the idea. He says that fortune telling is all bunk."

"It's me that knows the ins and outs of fortune tellin'," said the policeman's better half. "I had me dealin's with thim numerous of times. I do be thinkin' that they are all bunk. Thin agin some of the dope they handed me was true.

"It was only a day or so after Luke's pay day that I consulted wan, an' she waz a witch if ever they was wan. She told me to beware of a dark man, that he would be making me throuble. Shure enough an' wan did. I hired a dark complexioned chap to beat the rug, an' whin my back was turned, he beat it all right, rug an' all. An' how I did prize that thing! It cost me forty thousand coupons an' five years of honest labor to git it. Of course Luke used to search the prisoners at the station an' git lots of coupons in that way, or I wouldn't of had the thing yet. Yep, I got the trouble."

"Most amazin'," said the fireman's wife.

"An' another thing," continued the policeman's better half. "The woman told me to beware of a light man. It struck me in a minit who she meant. It must be that peddler Tony. He is a light man; he only weighs about 110 pounds. I had me suspicions of him whin yesterday he offered me a peck of potatoes fer nuthin'."

"I suppose all fortune tellers possess some charm or other," broke in the fireman's wife.

"Yes, they have charms all right," laughed the policeman's better half. "I bought one. It was a powder to burn in the house for good luck. An' she soaked me 50 cents for it. I took it home an' burned it, just before I was expectin' Luke home. That waz the day the neighbors thought it was a fire when they see the smoke an' calls the fire department.

"Well, Luke discovered the powder in an old coffee can an' he thought that I was tryin' to pizen him or to cure him of the booze."

"Have you any of that powder left?" anxiously asked the fireman's wife.

"It's no cure for booze," said the policeman's better half, "but——"

Just then a boy ran out on the porch yelling. "Mamma, the meat is burning," he said. This ended the conversation.

France's New Joan of Arc

By Taylor Kennerly

RECENT news dispatches from Paris briefly told of how the young and beautiful Countess Margot de Fersen had appealed to the French authorities to be allowed to go to the battle front in Flanders and lead the heroic French troops to victory.

Some of the things that news items of only a few short paragraphs did not tell make a story that would be worthy of Kipling or even a Poe. Just a few of the things in this untold story, like in thousands of others that make life the one great adventure only excelled by death, are:

That the talented and charming Countess de Fersen was less than two years ago a skirt model in New York—a woman who had tasted the sweets of life and then drained the cup of bitterness; a woman who had been forced to give up a life of luxury and society and earn her own living by exhibiting gowns she had once worn with the ease and grace of a queen.

Neither did it tell us that this countess, who pleaded with the stern but patient leaders of France, the men who have the fate and fortunes of this suffering, bleeding nation in their hands, told them she was the reincarnation of Joan of Arc, and that she had traveled all the way across the Atlantic to make true the dream of hundreds of dying French soldiers—brave, free-hearted Blue Devils, who in their last breath on the shell-torn battle field have told of seeing a vision of the Maid of Orleans floating thru the heavens.

It did not tell us that before sailing for France, only a few weeks ago, the Countess de Fersen went to Washington and laid before the high French commission her claims of divine power. And that she pleaded with them to sanction her trip across the sea to the land where the freedom of the world hangs in the balance as an official mission. Nothing was said about her husband, Count William de Fersen—the quiet, unassuming nobleman who has staked his name and fortune on the—is it only fancy of a woman?

But who is this former skirt model, now a member of one of the oldest titled families of Europe? This self-styled second Maid of Orleans, who suddenly appears in France with her tale of "voices and divine power?" This almost unknown woman whose claims so vividly recall the true Joan of Arc who, 500 or more years ago, gathered together a battered and all but defeated army and swept it on to victory—a victory that has for centuries kept burning the light of romance and glory in the hearts of a wonderful, self-sacrificing people?

Let her friends tell—the people who know her best. To them—and they are not numerous, for she made few friends—she is the "Countess of Sorrows."

Psychic? She doesn't know, she says, really what it means.

Religious? No more than the average woman.

A student of theosophy? Hardly. Theosophy might be theology, or psychology, or mythology, so far as she knows or cares.

Mediumistic? Never!

"All I know," she told her friends, "is that a divine, a strange, unexplainable power drives me on; on to this terrifying field of slaughter on a sacred mission of mercy that will mean the ultimate downfall of the war-mad ruler of a bloodthirsty nation."

And like her husband, friends of Countess de Fersen believe this comparatively unknown woman, if not the second Joan of Arc, as she claims, is possessed of some mysterious divine power—certainly not merely "the mad countess," as she was referred to by some of the French officials at Washington whom she visited before leaving for her voyage across the ocean.

In this day of war and spies—a time when even a man may be suspicious of his own brother—no time was lost by the Department of Justice in putting two of its best men to work to find out "who and what" this woman of mystery, Countess de Fersen, really was. For days and weeks before she finally sailed a secret service man shadowed both Count de Fersen and the Countess, closely watching every step that either made. But not a move could be in the least officially questioned. The day the stately Countess and her husband went aboard the big liner that was to take them to France an agent of the Government, who stood on the wharf and saw them depart, turned and remarked to a friend:

"You know, Joan of Arc at first was also accused of being crazy."

When he made his report to Washington there was nothing in it that could in any way connect either the count or the "Lady of the Voices" as being unfriendly to the United States.

At the time no part of this investigation was made public, and neither has it yet been given out by the Department of Justice officials. It was the friends of the Count and Countess who talked when they read of her safe arrival in France. Americans soon forget things and people. But not the "Countess of Sorrows." When they read of her appeal to the French authorities for a chance to lead their armies to a glorious victory in this war for freedom and democracy they began to talk.

They not only talked of how Margot Perkins, divorced from her first husband, and the mother of two children, came from Canada to gay, giddy Gotham two years ago, went to work as a model, and then, in a little less than two years, married a real count. They talked of other things, things that recalled the stormy days of the reign of Queen Marie Antoinette, whose love for pleasure and contempt for rigid court etiquette make one of the most interesting chapters of the romantic history of France and Sweden. It was then they remembered—and what they did not remember their history told them—that the name of the soldier and statesman whose love for the beautiful but indiscreet young queen caused his death at the hands of a mob was Fersen—Count Hans Alex of Sweden.

Then the mystery of why the dashing and brilliant young Count William de Fersen, who first came to the United States as an attache of the Swiss legation, would stake his all on the whim of a woman was solved. Surely he must be a direct descendant of this gallant knight of old, who laughed at the world when he died because he had lived in the dreamland of love.

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She Was Typically Feminine, Both in Her Gambling and Its Sequel

Luella Plays a Hunch

By Franklin Stringfellow

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

FULL twelve hours a day Luella slaved in "Jim's Eat Place." It was her task to carry out the big ironstone dishes as fast as Jim's patrons emptied them, dump them into the sink, wash and-dry them, and place them upon shelves provided for that purpose. And when she wasn't doing that—well, not for long was she suffered to remain in idleness.

And in return, she got her board, $2 a week, and a little cubby-hole of a room upstairs that a dog wouldn't have slept in.

And Luella was 16 years old.

Was it any wonder then, as time passed, Luella should develop a grouch of the first magnitude? That she lost all interest in life, and in her appearance, and that frequently, and very openly, she should wish herself dead and in her grave? Was it?

And then suddenly to have happiness within her grasp, and be compelled to refuse it for lack of proper raiment, wasn't it a shame?

To begin with, Luella had acquired a beau—no, not that exactly—a "friend." That is to say, he showed every symptom of desiring to become Luella's "steady." Now, despite the fact that never before had she been the proud possessor of a "fellow," Luella very shortly became aware of the general trend of these symptoms, and at the same time conceived a violent admiration for the bulky young giant who carried in the stock of groceries from the wholesale house truck each morning. For an entire week she forgot to nurse her grouch, pursued her duties in a cheerful manner wholly foreign to her, and gave herself over to roseate dreams of a delightful future.

Every morning she and Tom—the young giant—wasted five or ten minutes in joyous badinage, while his boss and her boss went over the way for a glass of beer. And one morning, when both bosses so far forgot themselves as to remain nearly an hour, he borrowed the cook's apron, made Luella tie it about his neck, which she did with violently trembling fingers, and wiped the dishes for her. After which he pinched her on the arm and vowed she was the cutest little trick he had ever met up with. And Luella went about all day with gladness in her heart.

But her dream of joy was short-lived. Just twenty-four hours later she was plunged into the depths of despair; and by a singular coincidence. It was Tom himself who administered the fatal blow. In all innocence he delivered it, with undisguised astonishment he noted the effect, and boy-like, he jumped to the wrong conclusion. Just a few simple words, "C'me on, Luel; let's me an' you go out to the park t'night," and the deed was done. Luella blushed a fiery red, stuttered, gulped, twisted the dish-cloth about in her hands, turned pale, then refused the invitation in a voice scarcely audible.

Tom noted the tears in her eyes, and escaped from the kitchen in a hurry. "Funny," he grunted. "She must be married."

Poor little Luella! After Tom bolted, she let the dishes go hang while she sat down and had a good cry. She hadn't wanted to refuse the invitation, and she hadn't intended refusing it in the manner she did, but what else could she have done! She couldn't very well tell him that she possessed no clothes fit to wear out upon the street. But it was the truth. The poor little rat had never possessed a decent outfit in her life. Indeed, never until the present moment had she even felt the need for duds.

But she felt it now with a poignancy that made up for lost time. And she cried around and looked so awful with her hair falling in all directions about her face, that the boss finally ordered her upstairs to curry herself down a bit. Luella, feeling very downcast, entertained a great notion to go down to the river and throw herself in. "And I will, too, if he don't come back," she decided grimly.

So, really, one can look upon Tom as a bit of a hero; he came back. Of course, he had to come back whether he wished to or not, that being part of his job. But still, he might have come anyway.

And being Tom, he came back cheerfully. At sight of him, Luella stiffened perceptibly; she hardly knew whether to speak or not. But there was no withstanding Tom. He burst into the grimy kitchen like a ray of sunshine. "Where's little cross-patch?" he shouted blithely, and the ice was broken.

Tom was in great spirits that morning. Loudly he rallied her upon being afraid of the dark; he shied a chicken bone at the cat; he made as tho to grab Luella about the waist and teach her dancing, and when she drew back in alarm, he seized a chair and tangoed wildly about the room. When he left, Luella mustered sufficient courage to throw a handful of flour into his face as a token of her esteem. Also she had resolved to get some clothes. "I'll not risk losing out with him the next time," she vowed.

For the First Time the Stranger's Eye Wandered From His Plate. "What's That?"

That very afternoon she escaped long enough to run uptown and purchase a new pair of shoes. They took every cent she had in the world, but what mattered that? Her meals and bed were provided, she proposed spending the cash received each week for clothing, until, in the course of time, she would possess an outfit beyond compare. Next week she intended—Luella sank off to sleep with a happy smile upon her lips. All evening she had been fooling with her hair, and but for the lack of hairpins, she might have made a great success of it.

Fate, however, never seemed to allow Luella happiness for long. Cheerfully, she arose at five, in a cheerful spirit she passed thru the long breakfast period, and when Tom came in about nine o'clock, she was—that is, for Luella—positively radiant. "Hello, you big bear-cat," was her assured greeting.

And then it was goodby happiness for her. For Tom turned, noted an unexplainable difference in her, and did that which a moment before he had no thought of doing. "Say, Luel, will you go to the Waiter's Ball with me next Wednesday?" he whispered the first chance he got.

Of course Luella could have refused: indeed, that is what she intended doing; but before the thought reached her lips, it had undergone a twist she never could explain.

"Sure I'll go with you, kiddo," she whispered, and the next moment was bitterly repenting her words. When he turned to leave, she came near running after him and reversing her decision, but she did not. For one thing, she was ashamed; for another, the possibility of his taking another girl seemed unbearable.

Right then and there Luella suffered a fit of despondency; and when Luella felt despondent, she made no pretense of feeling otherwise. First, she cried; then she grew fierce and broke two cups. Before the day was over, she was at outs with the entire kitchen force, and the boss had warned her that if she didn't mend her ways, he'd tie a can to her and turn her loose. Which last was no way at all to speak to a lady.

Next day Luella's luck took a turn. Not, however, until she had reached the uttermost depths of despondency. Her darkest hour had come, and, with a calmness born of despair, she resolved to flee the place right after dinner. Tom had just left after informing her that he had invested in a brand new outfit, even down to shoes, a hat, and kid gloves, and Luella felt that she could stand it no longer. Ten minutes later her good angel appeared, and things began to happen.

This good angel appeared in the guise of a tramp; a very dirty, footsore, and ragged looking tramp. Shortly after breakfast he had applied at the back door for something to eat, but he couldn't have struck at a worse time: for the boss himself opened the door, cursed the wayfarer roundly, and slammed it in his face. Luella found him seated behind what once had been a fancy trellis when she came out to empty the slops. And she didn't shriek, nor start back in alarm when she came upon him.

"Hello!" she said casually, as tho meeting tramps was an everyday occurrence with her. "Why didn't you come back when the boss went to town? Still hungry?"

The stranger nodded. "Got any raw dog up there?" he asked.

Luella laughed. "Something better'n that," she declared. "Pie!"

The tramp got to his feet in a hurry. "Do you reckon——" he began earnestly. Luella did. She did even more. She led him up and right into the kitchen, introduced him to the ancient crone who sat peeling potatoes, asked the pasty-faced young man lolling behind the counter out front if he cared, then set before the astonished stranger the most sumptuous repast he had seen in many a day.

And he ate, and ate, and ate. He ate two thirty-cent meals handrunning, and a ten-cent pie. And he didn't waste much time, either. Instinctively he seemed to realize that it was up to him to gobble everything in sight and make his getaway quickly as possible. But he did pause once, and that pause—but wait.

Luella was pouring him the second cup of coffee. For the first time since seating himself, the stranger's eyes wandered from his plate. "What's that!" His attention was focused on the brilliantly bound volume in the middle of the table. One grimy hand reached for it.

"Why, that's our Dream Book," said Luella, handing it to him. She would have explained further had not the tramp shown a sudden familiarity with the subject. "I know," he said. "It's a Policy Guide. I used to play it all the time. Last time I won, the judge gave me sixty days to sober up in. Ever play?"

Luella shook her head. "I don't gamble," she said primly.

The man laughed. "Better try her a whirl," he declared, waving his fork earnestly. Then, shoving the rest of the pie down his throat: "See here! I was havin' a dream when you came along an' woke me up. Dreamed I was fillin' up with a bustin' big meal, an'—say, you play that. It'll bring ye luck."

Luella picked up the book. "What'll I look for?" she asked, helplessly.

"Play 'Fillin' up,'" began the tramp, when the pasty-faced waiter, attracted by the conversation, came to the rescue with his superior knowledge.

"Look up 'Feasting,'" he said, then seized the book and looked it up himself. "Feasting, one, two, six," he announced a moment later. Furthermore, he declared it a good bet. He, himself, intended risking a quarter on it—straight—when the "shine" came around.

Further discussion was interrupted by the arrival of the boss. The tramp leaped to his feet and was gone. Quick as a flash Luella gathered together the dirty dishes and carried them to the sink. The old woman kept right on peeling potatoes; she took not even the trouble to look up. The boss entered the kitchen, peered about moodily, then departed. "Git busy, Luella," he flung over his shoulder.

Usually the command would have sent Luella about her work in a hurry, but this morning it hardly startled her. She was strangely apathetic; nothing seemed to matter much now. By nightfall, perhaps, she would be a tramp herself. She washed the dishes in a desultory fashion, then sank into a chair. Idly she fingered the pages of the Dream Book.

The next moment Luella had a hunch: a hunch to the effect that if she but risk her all on the turn of a policy wheel, she might yet go to the ball with Tom. And that was the very thing she wished most to do!

After a bit she climbed to her room, abstracted from her purse the lone Buffalo nickel she had clung to as a lucky piece and came down again. Then she went out front and borrowed another five cents from the pasty-faced youth. "I gotta hunch," she explained shortly, "and I'm backing it up."

Pasty-face nodded wisely. "I'm backin' it, too," he said.

About 11:30 the "shine" entered the kitchen. "Anything doin'?" he inquired of the bunch. "Ah got sebenty-eight lucky numbahs fo sale."

There was. The boss quitted his cash register long enough to invest a dollar. Pasty-face contributed two bits—straight. The cook wiped his greasy hands upon a greasier apron, shoved his hand down into his pocket, then recon-

sidered. He had received a hunch of the back-action kind.

As for Luella, she hummed and hawed around until the rest of them were ashamed of her. She started to place her bet, drew back, looked at the numbers on the slip in her hand, and shook her head. Then, just as the negro was leaving in a huff, she ran after him and invested her dime. She invested in a game which pays a hundred and eighty for one—if you win; a game which presents to its patrons a thousand chances of losing to one of winning.

Now, as a general thing, Luella would have had to wait until the following morning before learning the outcome of her bet, but upon this occasion circumstances so shaped themselves that she was spared the long wait. That evening the boss attended in person, and brought back one of the slips containing the twelve winning numbers. He laid it on the counter, where, shortly afterward, Pasty-face found it. One glance told him his fate.

"If I was to fall heir to a million dollars," he commented savagely, "I'd drop dead before I spent a cent of it." He was about to tear it up when Luella entered.

"Oh, Lüel! The hunch was a joner," he informed her. "We lost out. Come take a look."

One squint at the "dope" sheet, and Luella gave a very good explanation as to why Wall street declares that women shall not gamble. She fainted dead away.

When she came out of it, Pasty-face saw fit to lecture Luella concerning her lamentable lack of nerve. "Whut t' dickens y' want t' take on thataway, Luël? Y' only lost a measly dime."

Luella felt weak, and her head whirled, and she wished very much to be alone, but still she found voice to retort: "What you mean—lose? Lose nothing! I didn't play that drunken bum's old dream! I played my own, 'Finery,' and I won eighteen dollars."

❦ ❦ ❦

The Deserving Poor.

EVERYBODY knew that he had money, but nobody ever saw it, and the lads of the village dubbed him "Skinflint."

To all requests for help he would return the same answer:

"No; I respond only to the appeals of the deserving poor."

One day, however, a collector inquired of him:

"Well, sir, and who are the deserving poor?"

Skinflint gave a crusty sigh as he wheezed:

"Those who never ask for assistance."

THE PROBLEM

By Frank Filson

[Copyright.]

JACQUES DUBONNET, once professor of mathematics in the University of Lyons, looked thru his trench periscope and grunted. Black with rich Flanders mud, disheveled, with grubby nails and a sky-blue uniform barely distinguishable under the various kinds of clay that covered it, he looked like anything except what he had been.

His fat body shook with fear as he watched the periscope along the German trench opposite him. He wiped the sweat from his forehead, leaving the trail of a grimy hand there.

"Peste! I am not a soldier, I am a professor," he said. "I am a coward. Why could they not have set me an easier and cleaner job than this one?"

An expansive smile broke over his face.

"Why did they not set me to solving the problem of the relation of the radii of a circle drawn within an isohedrous triangle tangental to a fixed point on a parabola?" he asked.

Fifty yards distant Hans Ernest Muller looked thru his periscope toward the French trenches and groaned in bitterness of spirit. Dressed in his gray-green uniform, his stout form hardly covered by the ill-fitting clothing, he looked more like a ragpicker than an ex-professor of Jena.

"Peste! I am Not a Soldier, I am a Professor."

"Himmel, I wish I had that fellow Dubonnet here," he said. "He, who thinks he has solved the problem on which we were both working at the outbreak of the war, of the relation of the radii of a circle drawn within an isohedrous triangle tangental to a fixed point on a parabola!"

Seized with a sudden idea, born perhaps, of weeks of inaction, the professor picked up a sheet of board and a charcoal pencil, such as was kept handy for writing insulting messages to be displayed to the foemen opposite, and began to sketch out his circle and triangle.

Fifty yards away Professor Dubonnet was suddenly taken with an idea. Perhaps it was a case of thought transference; perhaps the inaction of trench life had stimulated his thinking faculties. At any rate, he wrote hurriedly upon a miniature blackboard, with a piece of white chalk kept handy for writing insulting messages to the enemy across the barbed wire opposite.

While these two great minds were at work, other minds were laboring under different problems.

"Have you got your men ready?" inquired Captain Dupont of the young lieutenant in the section of the trench where Dubonnet was actively mapping out his mathematical campaign.

"Yes, sir. But that fellow Dubonnet—I don't know what to do with him. Look at him now! He's drawing diagrams and seems totally ignorant that a charge is about to begin."

"Leave the poor devil. He'd only discourage the rest," the captain answered.

In the trenches opposite Captain Schmidt was twirling his mustache as he addressed Lieutenant Schwartz.

The shelling has ceased; I think the French are going to charge," he said. "Are your men ready?"

"All except that fool of a Muller," replied the young officer. "I don't know what to do with him. Look at him now, scribbling there as if the war was over, or hadn't begun."

"Leave him alone. Perhaps he'll get killed and we'll be rid of him," the other answered.

At that moment a whistle blew in the trenches opposite. The French scrambled over the parapet of their trench, and, with fixed bayonets, rushed madly forward. The Germans, equally impetuous, stood up to receive them. In a few seconds the two lines were inextricably interwoven. To and fro they swayed upon the parapet of the German trench.

Professor Dubonnet, wholly forgetful of the signs of battle, worked busily at his problem. He had a new solution which had never occurred to him before. If it was tangental to a fixed point on a parabola, would not Epperman's formula solve the whole difficuty?

Herr Muller, formerly professor at Jena, had a brilliant inspiration. The relation of the radii must vary in inverse relationship to the segment intersected by the . . . no, there he had got off the track. He bent frowning, to his work. The body of a dead soldier dropped with a thud into the trench beside him. He shook his head impatiently.

"A little less noise, please, gentlemen," he muttered. "Do not slam the door when you go out, even if you disapprove of my exposition."

He had stood up as if in the class room, and was now declaiming violently, the piece of board in his hand. The struggle had moved away from him, and by luck none of the flying bullets came his way.

"I have it!" shrieked Professor Dubonnet. "Epperman's formula has solved the problem." He sprang to his feet. "This means the opening of a new era in mathematics!" he cried. "What wouldn't I give to see that ass Muller now, who thinks he has the solution!"

At that moment, to his amazement, he saw Muller's face across the intervening space. He raised his fist and shook it angrily. The movement caught Muller's eye.

"Gentlemen, please be less violent in your disapproval," he said. "I cannot hope to carry conviction at the first attempt. Copernicus, as you are aware——"

He paused and looked about him. "But where am I?" he inquired. "There seems to be some disturbance——"

At that instant he saw Dubonnet running at full speed across the intervening ground. Meanwhile the Germans, repulsed from their trench, had withdrawn, and the French were following them, firing and hurling bombs.

"It is you, scoundrel!" screamed Professor Muller, shaking his fist at his enemy. "Is it not enough that you should oppose the march of mathematics, but you must also create a disturbance in my classroom?"

With a yell Dubonnet leaped into the trench. "It's Epperman's formula," he shouted. "I tell you Epperman's does it."

"Nonsense. You can't solve it by a formula," said Muller. "Don't you see it depends upon the relationship of—ugh!"

He rolled over, still clutching the board, as a spent bullet struck him in the ribs.

At the same instant both men realized what had occurred. They were in the midst of a battle. Dubonnet leaned over the German.

"Muller! You must not die!" he shouted. "Tell me your solution. Tell me. Where are the police? The doctors?"

In an agony of terror lest death should rob him of his triumph he raised Muller in his arms and began to puff his way back toward the lines. Once, when the weight became too heavy, he stopped.

"Will you tell me your solution, or shall I throw a bayonet—I mean a bomb—at you?" he demanded.

"No, no. I tell you," Muller grunted.

* * * * * * * *

"To you, Dubonnet, for having saved the life of an enemy at the great risk of your own, is awarded the Medal of Honor," said the commander in chief. He kissed him on both cheeks and pinned the ribbon upon his breast.

The medal was a circle, and the loops of ribbon formed an isohedrous triangle. Dubonnet stared at it.

"I knew the government would recognize my work some day," he muttered. Then, with supreme generosity, "With your permission, I shall bestow this upon Professor Muller."

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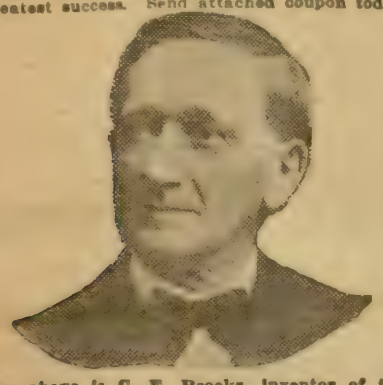

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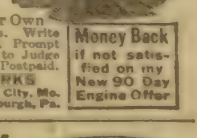

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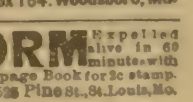

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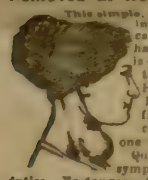

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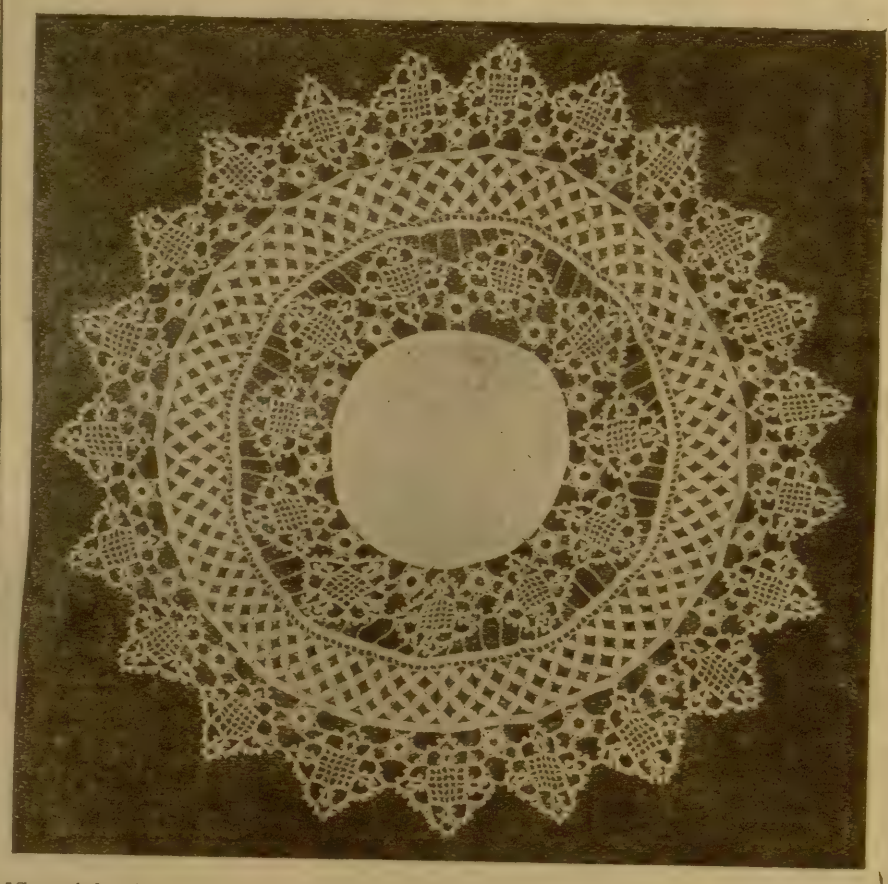

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

THIS elaborate piece is almost all made of crocheted lace, the center being small in comparison to the size of the finished piece. The lace is made in sections, and while it will prove interesting and fascinating for an expert crochet worker, it should not be attempted by an amateur. The size thread is a matter of choice; mercerized crochet cotton from 20 to 70 may be used. The size of the linen center is one of preference also. On this depends the number of squares which constitute the first border.

Start with 21 ch sts. First row: 5 sps, 5 ch sts, turn, repeat for 5 rows, forming center square, turn * 5 s c over side of corner sp, 5 s c over second sp, 2 s c over third sp, 10 ch sts, 1 s c into same sp, turn; ** 3 s c, 3 ch sts, form p, repeat ** 4 times, 3 s c, all over ch, 2 s c complete third sp, 5 s c, into next sp, 5 s c into corner sp, turn; 15 ch sts, 1 s c, into second p, 12 ch sts, 1 s c into fourth p, 15 ch sts, 1 s c, into first s c at corner of square, turn; ** 3 s c, 1 p, repeat ** twice for loop, repeat for second and third loops, completing one side of square, repeat * for the remaining 3 sides. Join squares by center p of each, break thread.

Fasten thread to point of square, make 7 ch sts, skip 1 p, 1 d c into next p, 7 ch sts, skip 2 p, 1 t c into next p, 7 ch sts, skip 2 p, 1 t t c into next p, 7 ch sts, 1 t t c into next p, 7 ch sts, continue for this row. (Whenever the ch becomes too full make 6 ch sts occasionally.)

Next Row—1 d c into each st.

Next Row—Sps.

Next Row—5 ch sts, 1 cl of t c, skip 2 sp, 1 cl, into next sp, 5 ch sts, 1 cl into same sp, continue, making 4 rows of cls.

Next Row—* 9 ch sts, 1 s c into eye of cl, repeat *.

Next Row—1 d c into each st.

Outer Row—Border of squares same as first row.

For the rings between the squares make 20 ch sts, join forming a circle.

First Row—36 d c into circle, join.

Second Row—3 ch sts, skip 1 d c, 1 d c, 5 ch sts, forming p, 3 ch sts, skip 1 st, 1 s c, continue joining at center of p to p of surrounding squares and also to the straight line.

For the center join the p by connecting ch, hem the linen and finish the edge with a circle of feather stitching. Whip the lace to the linen center.

Stocking Economies.

SINCE low shoes are so much in vogue during spring and summer, one's hosiery bill must of necessity be a little more. However, there are a number of stocking economies.

Silk stockings wear much better if one buys a size larger than one wears in cotton. The extra size prevents strain but is sufficient to cause them to wrinkle. As the slightest perspiration causes them to rot, it is better to wash silk hose each time after wearing them, using lukewarm water and a fine soap. Then rinse them thoroly in cold water.

A good way to cut down the stocking bill and use up the old stockings that are usually discarded is to sort out the stockings that have worn feet and those that have worn legs, and cut them all off three or four inches above the boot line. (The runs do not extend usually below this line.) Then sew the good tops on the good feet. A narrow fell seam makes the neatest and smoothest finish.

Shoe and Stocking Holder.

A CONVENIENT and decorative shoe and stocking holder can be made by taking an old cane-seated chair, removing the cane and in its place inserting a bag about twelve inches deep made from colored drilling or other strong material. Make eight good-sized patch pockets and sew onto outside of bag to hold boots, shoes or slippers. The stockings are kept in the bag. Make a cover for the chair of thin wood and cushion neatly with cretonne. From the same material make a plaiting or frill that will fall nearly to the floor. Make a small loop of cretonne and attach to seat by which it is raised. The back of chair may be removed, making a stool effect if desired.

Don'ts for Knitters of Socks.

DON'T cast on tightly. An otherwise well knitted sock may become useless by a tight cord at the top.

Don't knot your wool. Join the ends by splicing or by knitting the ends double for two or three inches.

Don't make a heel with a seam on the sole. A lump or knot brings a blister.

Don't use black, dark or bright colors. Here lies danger of blood poisoning.

Don't use needles too fine for the wool. The knitting should be elastic; if too tightly knitted the sock becomes hard and boardlike in use.

Don't make a foot less than 10½ inches long.

Don't use pins in fastening pairs.

Padding.

BY USING strands of heavy padding-cotton as a foundation for button-holed scallops a much heavier and prettier scallop is obtained than by any other method. Cut the strands as long as the border or edge to be buttonholed, then hold these in place as you work over them. The work is quickly and easily accomplished and is much simpler than the old way of padding for buttonholed scallops.

Pillow Sham Holder.

TAKE a broom handle three feet long and cover it first with sheet wadding, then with cretonne or fancy flowered muslin.

Finish the ends with rosettes of narrow Val. lace or ribbon as preferred. Use about two yards of ribbon attached to either end for hanging on either the inside or outside of a closet door, as this holder is planned to hang the shams on at night.

Diagonal Edging.

'AN EASY edging to make and one which is especially pretty for underwear is made as follows: Ch 16.

First Row—1 d c in 3d st, ch 3, 1 d c in next 3d st, repeat, making 3 spaces, ch 5, turn.

Second Row—1 s c in 1st sp, ch 3, 1 s c in 2d sp, ch 3, 1 s c in 3d sp, ch 3, 1 d c on d c, 1 d c under turning ch, ch 3, turn.

Third Row—1 d c on 2d d c, * ch 3, 1 d c under ch, repeat from * turn.

Fourth Row—1 s c, 3 d c, 1 s c under each ch, 2 d c on d c, ch 3, turn.

Fifth Row—1 d c on d c, ch 3, 1 d c on center double of fan, ch 3, and 1 d c and each fan, ch 5, turn.

Sixth Row—Same as second row.

For Heading—Ch 1, 1 d c under each sp, between doubles along the top edge.

Slip-on Corset-cover.

CORSET-COVERS may be of the "slip-on" variety, with neither open front or side. At the waist make a hem wide enough to admit a narrow rubber tape, which is cut of a length to fit the waist snugly, and can be drawn out when the garment is to be laundered.

To Sew Heavy Fabrics.

HEAVY fabrics are usually hard to sew when new, and needles will break or bend. This difficulty may be overcome by rubbing the hem or seam with dry soap. The needle will then penetrate with ease.

In Eyelet Embroidery.

KEEP a piece of white soap in your workbag and rub it on the wrong side of the linen when doing eyelet embroidery. Also, when pulling threads for drawnwork, rub the soap along the line. This makes the work easier.

FREE TO

ASTHMA SUFFERERS

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as Hay Fever, or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense, that this new method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write today and begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do It Today

FREE ASTHMA COUPON

FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 683-T, Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send free trial of your method to:

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FREE TO

PILE SUFFERERS

Don't Be Cut—Until You Try This New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time. Simply Chew Up a Pleasant Tasting Tablet Occasionally and Rid Yourself Permanently of Piles.

Let Me Prove This Free.

My internal method for the treatment and permanent cure of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of cured cases testify to this, and I want you to try this method at my expense.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development—whether it is chronic or acute—whether it is occasional or permanent—you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live—no matter what your age or occupation—if you are troubled with piles my method will relieve you promptly.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of salves, suppositories, etc. have failed.

I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one infallible treatment that positively and permanently cures.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon—but do this now—TODAY

FREE PILE CURE COUPON

E. R. Page,
382 C Main St., Marshall, Mich.

Please send free trial of your Method to:

.....

.....

Red Roses

By Mary Parrish

[Copyright.]

UNDOUBTEDLY Ruth was too sensitive. She could never get away from the fact that she was the "poor relation." No one in the family seemed to make this apparent; they were all kind and considerate; but to some natures the position of being dependent is especially galling, and sometimes embittering.

Ruth lived in a small country town, and wishing to study designing at an institute in the city, her uncle Vane had offered her a home with his family while she attended the school, as her parents could not afford the expense of keeping her there.

Margie Vane, the only daughter, was a year or two older than Ruth, and had been "presented" in society the year before Ruth's coming. There were parties, dinners, and luncheons in plenty for Miss Vane to attend, but Ruth felt she must make the best of her time with her studies, so seldom mixed in the gaieties; besides she had not the wardrobe to appear at these functions. Of course when people were invited to the house for dinners or evenings, she was always present. On one of these occasions she met Glenn Beecham. He was a good-looking type of the young American, and was rapidly becoming a successful architect. Ruth noticed that he was much attracted to her cousin Margie, and proceeded to efface herself as far as possible. But there was something going on in the region of her heart which she did not find quite so easy to efface. The mysterious attraction which draws us to some individual soul has never yet been very satisfactorily explained by scientists. Ruth Bassett was not the sort of young woman to be fascinated by the first good-looking man who came along, she was rather too serious-minded for that, and she had been brought in contact with quite a good many in the Vane society; but Glenn Beecham seemed to her "different." The one we really love is always "different."

One evening she happened to be in the reception-room when he called. She was bending over a vase of red roses, enjoying their fragrance, and caressingly arranging the stems as he entered.

"You love flowers?" he said.

"Oh, yes, but especially red roses. They are so splendid, royal, full of life!"

Their conversation drifted on to their work, architecture and designing. The two arts had something in common, a kindred interest, and they became engrossed in the topic.

"I want always to do beautiful things," she said.

"I am building a beautiful house," he added. "Now if you could only put your beautiful ideas into the interior decorations——"

At that instant Margie entered, and Ruth caught an expression that seemed to warn her to leave as soon as possible. Clearly she was an interloper, poaching on her cousin's preserves, and it must not happen again. She excused herself on the plea of study, and left the room.

Ruth was not left long in doubt as to the state of affairs between young Beecham and her cousin. Margie did not conceal the fact that she cared for him, and for the other girl began the slow torture of seeing the love which was more to her than her life withheld and given to another.

So it was that Ruth absented herself from the room when Glenn Beecham called, or once in a while, when the temptation grew too strong lingered a few minutes if only to see his face or hear the sound of his voice.

After even these slight glimpses of him she found it harder each time to concentrate her mind on her work, and she prayed that she might be able to put him out of her life.

There was to be a little dinner dance at the Vanes, and flowers for the decorations were coming in. Ruth saw the maid taking a long white box to Margie's room.

"They are from him," she thought. "I wonder what they are."

She was not left long in doubt for Margie called her in to see.

"Look!" she cried. "Aren't they beautiful?"

"Very," said Ruth faintly.

Her heart thumped so hard, and then seemed to stand still. She was finding it difficult not to reveal her feelings to the other girl.

In the box were splendid, royal, red roses! The very flowers he knew she loved! He had cared so little he had flaunted his gift to another before her very eyes! She felt she must tear them

She Was Bending Over a Vase of Red Roses.

from her fortunate rival, and cry out: "They are mine! mine!" But she drew out of the room quietly, wondering if she could bear to see him that night.

She decided that pride must come to her aid, and she must not excite comment by not appearing, so she dressed her hair in the most becoming way, and put on the only evening gown she possessed, a simple white crepe. She was after all rather pleased with the reflection in the glass of a graceful little figure with beautiful arms, shining dark hair, soft eyes, and a distinctly adorable mouth.

She came down just in time to be paired off with a crude young man who could talk of nothing but baseball and the horse show. At the table she tried to entertain him, but it seemed that whenever she glanced down where Beecham sat next to Margie, he always seemed to be looking at her, but she concluded it was because she looked so much at him, and after that kept her eyes in her own neighborhood. Margie was wearing one of his roses.

After dinner, when the dancing began, Beecham came to Ruth, and asked her to dance. She tried to refuse, but the temptation was too great. She would have that one great joy if she never spoke to him again.

After the dance he led her away to a quiet corner.

"Now," he said with a grim attempt at a smile, "I'm going to inflict myself on you for a few minutes. I hope you'll bear it with Christian fortitude. I'd like to know what I've done to make you positively loathe my presence."

"Why nothing," she stammered, not knowing what else to say.

"Of course I ought to have known—it's just a common case of don't like——"

"Oh, no! no! it isn't!" she cried out.

He looked at her mystified.

"Then why did you slight—, yes, insult my poor little gift?"

"Your gift!" she echoed blankly.

At that moment Margie came to them. Both rose at her approach.

"Ruth, dear," she began, "I just ran up to my room for something, and while I was looking for it this pin dropped into the box that held those roses. In searching for it I found this card. I didn't mean to rob you, dear. It was just a mistake."

She took the rose from her gown and handed it with the card to Ruth. The girl took them wonderingly, but Margie kissed her, and went away.

Then Ruth read upon the card something that brought to her face a color that matched the rose in her hand.

"Oh! But I'm robbing her!" she cried.

"No, you're not. We're just good pals, Margie and I—but I want you to be——"

It didn't seem necessary for him to say anything more. Both understood.

* * *

Not Practical.

"DO YOU object to having German taught in the schools?"

"I don't exactly object," answered the man of mild inclinations. "But it doesn't seem exactly practical. How is a student going to keep his mind on his lesson instead of losing his temper?"

Instant Bunion Relief Prove It FREE

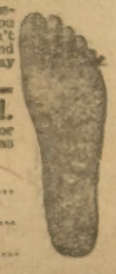
Just like the touch of the fairy's wand, FAIRYFOOT banishes the pain and inflammation IMMEDIATELY. They disappear like magic. It absorbs and draws out the inflammation, softens and dissolves the accumulated layers of cartilage which really make the bunion, thus reducing the enlargement and restoring the deformed foot to its healthy, normal size. Wonderful—yes. And it costs you nothing to find out. **Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have proved it to over 72,500 others in the last six months.** I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my FAIRYFOOT treatment FREE. I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that **I am going to send it to you for the asking. Send no money—only coupon or a post card.**

FAIRYFOOT

is a wonderful yet simple home remedy. It removes the cause of the bunion and therefore the unnatural enlargement of the joint disappears—your foot resumes its natural shape and the pain also is gone—all this while you are wearing as tight shoes as ever. Surely you will not let this opportunity pass to get rid of that ugly, painful, distressing deformity. When I say "Try FAIRYFOOT at my expense", I mean it. All you are asked to send is the coupon. That will bring the free treatment. I want you to have it because I know that when you have found what FAIRYFOOT does, you will tell your friends about it. Most of our business comes in this way. People are so glad to have found such quick relief that they spread the good news everywhere. That is why I can afford to send out these free treatments.

Send the Coupon Today for Free Treatment

See for yourself, at my expense, what FAIRYFOOT will do. Thousands and thousands of grateful users praise this amazing remedy. And you will do the same once you have tried it. Sit down right now and sign the coupon. Get it into the mail. Don't suffer any longer while this free offer holds good. Remember—not a penny to send, and no obligation on your part except to use it as directed. Just the coupon, or you may send us your name and address on a post card—today.



Foot Remedy Co., 3603 W. 26th St., Chicago, Ill.

I accept your offer to send FAIRYFOOT free so that I may learn without any cost or obligation what wonderful power it has to relieve me from bunions. I agree to use it as you direct.

Name .....

Address .....

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WONDERFUL PHONOGRAPH OFFER

Here is our New Style E. D. L. Phonograph—the latest improvement—without the horn. It is a perfect beauty. Mahogany finish, tone arm black japanned, nickel winding crank, accurately constructed, smooth running spring motor, speed regulator, stop lever and 6¾ turn table. New improved sound box with mica diaphragm.

FREE TO YOU

PLAYS ANY DISC RECORD

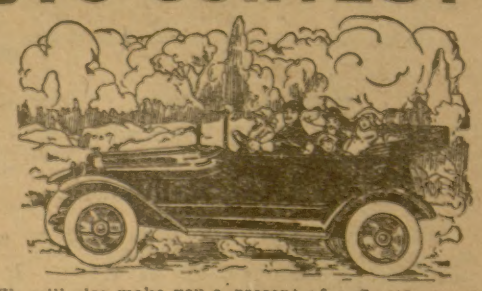
Both lateral and vertical cut, 6, 7 or 8 inches. This machine will give you more entertainment than anything you ever owned. Strong and durable. No parts to get out of order.

Send No Money Just your name and we will send you 24 of our Art Pictures to dispose of on special offer at 25c each. Send us the $6 you collect and for your trouble we will send this new improved E. D. L. Phonograph and a selection of 6 records, free for your trouble. You can dispose of pictures and earn this great machine in a few hours' time.

E. D. LIFE, 537 W. Madison St., Dept. 8T51, Chicago

OUR NEW AUTO CONTEST

This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In the scenery and around the automobile are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. Can you find them? Try it. If you do, we will give you a beautiful



FREE SURPRISE PRESENT FOR SOLVING PUZZLE

When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the advertisement and mail it to us, and inclose four cents in stamps for packing, postage, mailing, etc., of the beautiful free surprise present which we will send you. You will delight in owning this present.

AUTOMOBILE GIVEN AWAY We will also make you a present of a Certificate of Entry for 2,000 free auto votes, and tell you all about this splendid touring car which we are going to give away free.

MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS You can also win, in addition to the automobile, splendid prizes such as phonographs, jewelry, silverware, bicycles, cameras and other things you like, without contest. We will also send you a copy of two national publications worth ten cents.

YOU CAN'T LOSE in this greatest and most liberal contest ever offered

Write your name and address plainly, and inclose four cents in stamps for packing, mailing, etc., and the free surprise present.

AUTO CONTEST DEPT. A, W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 NORTH DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE TO ALL WOMEN

Our MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM is a wonderful remedy for women who suffer from ailments peculiar to womanhood. Write us for a free trial package. Try it and it may do for you what it has for so many others. SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., BOX E, South Bend, Ind.

Curing Baby Bear.

ONE morning when Father Bear was about to go out into the woods to work, he called back, "Baby Bear, I didn't have time to clean the snow off the porch this morning. Get your little shovel and broom and make it all nice and clean. Remember, no snow on the porch when I come home!"

Baby Bear had planned to make a snow bear that morning and he didn't want to work at all.

"Come, Baby Bear," Mother Bear called. "You heard what Father Bear said. Get your shovel and broom and finish your work, then you can go out to play."

But Baby Bear sat down on his little stool and thought about how much he wanted to go out doors and make a snow bear and how he hated to shovel the snow off the porch.

Pretty soon Mother Bear came into the room and saw him sitting there looking so sober and miserable. "Why, Baby Bear, what is the matter? Are you sick?" she asked.

"Yes I'm sick," Baby Bear answered, "and I can't shovel the snow off the porch."

"Of course you can't shovel snow when you're sick," said Mother Bear. "Come with me."

She lead him into his room, took his nightie from the hook, and turned down his little white bed.

"Let Mother Bear help you get into bed," she said kindly.

Almost before he knew what was happening, he was in bed and Mother Bear was tucking the blankets around him and saying, "There, there, poor little honey cub. Tell Mother Bear where you feel bad. Does you head ache?"

"Yes," whimpered Baby Bear, not knowing what else to say, "my head aches."

Mother Bear patted his shoulder and tiptoed out of the room. In a minute she was back with Mother Frisky Squirrel.

Mother Squirrel hopped onto his bed and pulled and poked at him till he said, "ouch!" and "oh!" and wasn't he glad when she got down!

"Wrap his head up and feed him oak bark," she said. "That's what I do when my little Frisky is sick. I'll send in some of the other neighbors to see him," and she frisked herself out of the house.

Baby Bear closed his mouth tight and pulled the bed clothes over his head for fear Mother Bear might do as Mother Squirrel said.

There was a scratch, scratch at the door and in came Mother Mole and Mother Rabbit.

Mother Rabbit looked him over carefully and said, "Scraped carrot will make him better. That is what I always give my little bunnies when they are sick. Just a teaspoonful of scraped carrot for dinner and one for supper. Not another thing."

Baby Bear knew that Mother Bear was making blackberry jam tarts and he thought how dreadful it would be to stay in bed all day with only a teaspoonful of scraped carrot to eat.

Mother Mole was blinking and scowling at the light. "Keep him in the dark. No wonder his head aches with all this light. Keep him in the dark—keep him in the dark," she scolded.

Just then, the door opened and Father Bear came in.

"What's all this fuss about? What's the matter?" he asked.

Then he saw Baby Bear in his little bed, so scared and unhappy that he looked really sick. Father Bear went over to the bed.

"Put your head down by me," Baby Bear whimpered, "I want to tell you something."

Baby Bear whispered something and Father Bear began to smile.

"All right, sonny," he said, "I'll fix it up."

He turned to Mother Bear, Mother Rabbit and Mother Mole and said, "I know just what is the matter with Baby Bear and he needs fresh air and exercise. He must get out of bed at once."

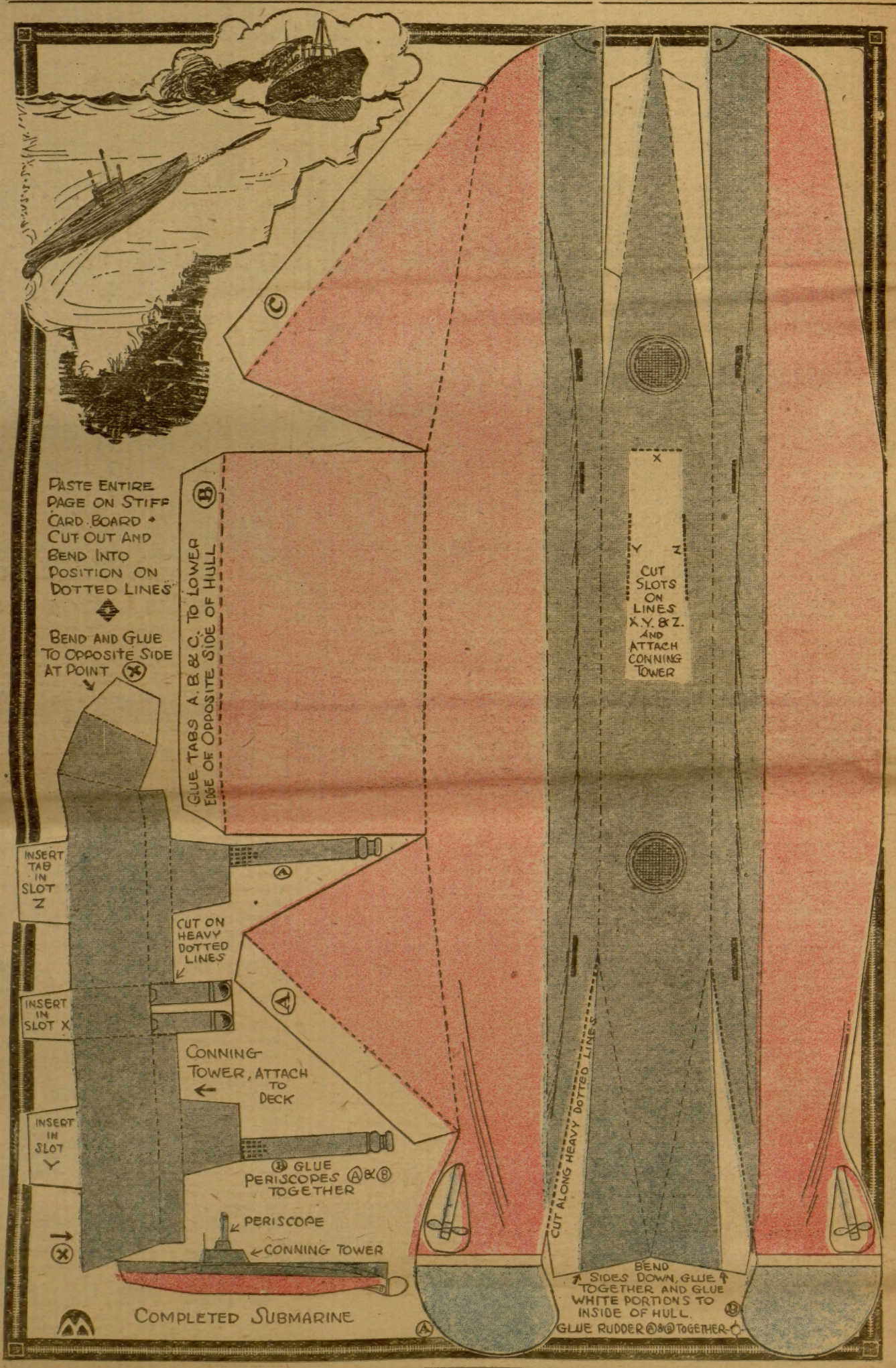
Baby Bear hopped out and took off his little white nightie. Then he got his shovel and broom and how he did make the snow fly off the porch!

When the porch was clean, he had dinner with Father Bear and Mother Bear and ate good blackberry jam tarts.

Baby Bear was all cured and he never, never against had that kind of sickness.

LOOK CHILDREN! HERE'S FUN FOR YOU!

To Get the Best Results You Should First Paste This Drawing on Cardboard or Stiff Wrapping Paper. Then Follow Directions and You Will Have a Cut-out of a Submarine.


PASTE ENTIRE PAGE ON STIFF CARD BOARD • CUT OUT AND BEND INTO POSITION ON DOTTED LINES
BEND AND GLUE TO OPPOSITE SIDE AT POINT
GLUE TABS A, B & C, TO LOWER EDGE OF OPPOSITE SIDE OF HULL
INSERT TAB IN SLOT Z
CUT ON HEAVY DOTTED LINES
INSERT IN SLOT X
CONNING TOWER, ATTACH TO DECK
INSERT IN SLOT Y
GLUE PERISCOPES A & B TOGETHER
PERISCOPE
CONNING TOWER
COMPLETED SUBMARINE
CUT SLOTS ON LINES X, Y, & Z AND ATTACH CONNING TOWER
CUT ALONG HEAVY DOTTED LINES
BEND SIDES DOWN, GLUE TOGETHER AND GLUE WHITE PORTIONS TO INSIDE OF HULL
GLUE RUDDER A & B TOGETHER

Willie Meant Well.

GRANDPA (to little Willie, on his 5th birthday.)—"Now, my boy, I hope by the time that you are a year older you will improve in goodness and wisdom."

Willie (who has been brought up in the old-fashioned way.)—"Thank you, grandpa! I wish you the same."

Lack of Enthusiasm.

YOUNG ALBERT—"Ah, mother, I do love cake! It's awfully nice!"

Mother, reprovingly—"You should not say 'love' cake; say 'like.' Don't say 'awful;' say 'very.' Do not say 'nice;' say 'good.' And, by the way, the word 'oh' should be omitted. Now, my dear, repeat the sentence correctly."

Albert—"I like cake; it's very good."

Mother—"That's better!"

Albert, with an air of disgust—"It sounds as if I was talking about bread!"

Why She Was Afraid.

A LITTLE girl remarked to her mamma on going to bed, "I am not afraid of the dark"

"No, of course not," replied her mamma.

"I was a little afraid once when I went into the pantry to get a cake."

"What were you afraid of?"

"I was afraid I couldn't find the cake."

Fire Pudding.

CHRISTMAS day the plum pudding was brought to the table crowned by the blue light of the burning brandy. Little Katherine looked at it and exclaimed, "Don't give me any of that," and even after the blaze had died down she hesitated about eating the "fire" pudding.

Out of Sight.

THE children were talking in a quiet corner of the Sunday school, where the teacher could overhear them. One little girl said: "And God said, 'You go and stand were I can't see you, Satan.'"

"No," said the other little girl, "he said, 'Get thee behind me Satan.'"

"He couldn't see him behind him, could he?" asked the first little girl, indignantly.

A Difference.

"NOW, Willie," said the teacher, "how many seconds make a minute?"

"Masculine of feminine?"

"Masculine or feminine! What do you mean?"

"There's a big difference," replied the youngster. "When father says he'll be down in a minute it takes him sixty seconds; but sister's minutes contain about 600 seconds."

Autocracy in the Home.

"What is an autocrat, father?"

Hubmow looked at his inquiring son and tried hard to put an air of unlimited wisdom on his features. "An autocrat?" he said. "Well, in a way, I am the autocrat of this household. I impose my will upon its members, wisely, of course; when I say a thing it goes; when——"

"Henry," broke in Mrs. Hubmow, "when on earth are you going to hang that portrait of Uncle George?"

"I thought I'd wait until tomorrow, my dear; you see——"

"You'll have to think again, Henry," declared his wife. "And you'd better think that this very minute is the best time."

And as Hubmow went out to fetch the stepladder he sighed twice and promised to explain what an autocrat was at a more convenient moment.

What the Army Did.

"How is your boy getting along at the training camp?"

"Wonderful!" replied Farmer Applecart. "I feel a sense of great security. An army that can make my boy get up early, work hard all day and go to bed early can do most anything."

Classified Want Ads

Information— The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in Chicago Ledger is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED

SALESMEN—CITY OR TRAVELING. EXPERIENCE unnecessary. Send for list of openings and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—$2,500 to $10,000 a year. Employment service rendered members. Natl. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Dept. 103 K, Chicago, Ills.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—WE NEED MEN AND WOMEN right now to take orders for world's greatest raincoat values. Dandy coat, $4.98. Sixty-five fabrics. Dozens of styles. Made to measure and delivered direct from our big factory to your customer. No delivering. Profit in advance. Easy to sell. Cooper making $300 monthly. Glover $61.50 first four days. Nealy 22 orders in 2 days. Four average orders a day gives you $2,500 a year profit. Full outfit and sample coat given. Write for wonderful offer. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B-127, Dayton, Ohio.

STOP RIGHT HERE; SNAPPIEST MONEY maker on market in 10 years; every home having a soldier or sailor will fight to get one; absolutely new; sells on sight; lasts forever; sales guaranteed, not sold in stores; write immediately for complete details and special offer to start. Don't delay, be the first in your territory to make the money; action counts. Address Eisen Co., 562 Valentine Bldg., Toledo, O.

AGENTS—NEW VULCANIZED RUBBER apron. Acid-proof, grease-proof, waterproof. Five sizes. Needs no laundering. Sells in every home; to men and women in factories, laundries, restaurants, etc. Write for agency and samples. Thomas Apron Co., 4111 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PILLOW tops, luminous crucifix, photo plates, frames, sheet pictures, papier mache frames, etc. Lowest prices; rejects credited; prompt shipments; 30 days' credit; catalog and samples free. Jas. C. Bailey, Desk W-5, Chicago.

LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS REPRESENTATIVES to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York City.

$60 WEEKLY AND AUTOMOBILE FURNISHED men everywhere placing samples wonderful fuel product with automobile owners. 2c worth equals gallon of gasoline. Outfit free. L. Railway, 7, Sta. F., Louisville, Ky.

QUICK SALES. BIG PROFITS. HIGH PERCENTAGE repeat orders handling our popular tube flavors. Enormous demand. Sample outfit free to hustlers. Write today. J. M. Pitkin Company, Dept. 142, Newark, New York.

AGENTS—$25 TO $50 WEEKLY SELLING gold monogram letters for automobiles, trunks, etc. Easily applied. Special offer to general agents. American Monogram Co., Dept. M, Newark, N. J.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

BIG PROPOSITION: AGENTS WANTED. Something new in portraits and frames. Write for catalogue. Southern Art Co., Oak Park, Ill.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

STOP THAT DAILY GRIND. TAKE NOSE off grindstone. Be no man's slave. Punch nobody's time clock. Own business. We start you silvering mirrors, plating tableware; sure income; complete, $1. Products Corp., Elgin, Ill.

WANTED — IMMEDIATELY—MEN, WOMEN, 18 or over. $100 month. Thousands U. S. Government war positions open. Write immediately for free list. Franklin Institute, Dept. T29, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

WE WILL START YOU IN THE CLEANING and dyeing business, little capital needed, big profits. Write for booklet. Ben-Vonde System, Dept. 3, Charlotte, N. C.

MALE HELP WANTED

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL, POST OFFICE, rural carrier "exams" everywhere soon. Get prepared by former Government civil service examiner. Booklet free. Arthur Robert Patterson, Rochester, N. Y.

RAILROADS WANT TRAFFIC INSPECTORS. Pay $125 to $200 monthly; all expenses, advancement; three months home study; booklet L 23 free. Frontier Prep. School, Buffalo, N. Y.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY. Travel; make secret investigations, reports. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

WANTED—AT ONCE, DROP FORGE HAMMERMAN; good wages; piece work and hour work. Apply Lakeside Forge Company, Erie, Pa.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, 8 hours, $140. Colored porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WANTED, TEN BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES to travel, demonstrate and sell well known goods to established dealers. $25.00 to $50.00 per week; railroad fare paid; weekly advance for traveling expenses. Address at once, Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Nebr.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREPAID to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—IMMEDIATELY—GIRLS, WOMEN, 18 or over. $100 month. Thousands U. S. Government war positions open. Write immediately for free list. Franklin Institute, Dept. T27, Rochester, N. Y.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

LADIES: SELL MAURINE BEAUTY CREAM. It sells and repeats in every home. Credit granted honest, reliable ladies. The Maurine Company, Dept. A, South Bend, Ind.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

DON'T INVEST IN OIL UNTIL YOU READ Texas Investor; gives facts and valuable information about rich Texas gusher oil fields; tells how to invest for large profit and quick action; 3 mo. free with big map proven and prospective fields. C. C. Cannan, Pub., 951 Scanlon Bldg., Houston, Texas.

$2 PAYS FOR 100 SHARES AND HOLDS for 30 days 1,000 shares at present price. Producing wells guaranteed by certificate of deposit of two national banks. Money-Back Oil Co., 539 Foster Bldg., Denver, Colo. Agents wanted.

MORE OIL IS NEEDED TO WIN THIS WAR. Help produce it and make money for yourself. We are operating in a proven field where 92% of wils produce oil. Yo ucan earn shares in our company by helping us. Write at once. Liberty Oil Corporation, Miami, Okla.

FORTUNES IN OIL. WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITIES for people with little money to make enormous profits. This company endorsed under state laws to protect investors. Folder free. King Oil Co., White Building, Seattle, Wash.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

I WILL GIVE TWO PIGS YEARLY FOR five years for use of $120; absolute security. For particulars address Box 202, Route 4, Vineland, N. J.

REAL ESTATE

A SMALL CALIFORNIA FARM MAKES more money with less work. Live longer, better. Delightful climate. Rich soil. Low prices. Easy terms. Sure profits. Hospitable neighbors. Good roads, schools, churches. Write for our San Joaquin Valley illustrated folders free. C. L. Seagraves, Industrial Commissioner, Santa Fe Ry., 1931 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

MICHIGAN FARM LAND FOR SALE

FINE HARDWOOD LAND. 10, 20, 40, 80 acre tracts. $15 to $30 per acre. Easy payments. Free insurance. Settlers pay no taxes for five years. Fine for clover, fruit, stock raising. Big booklet free. Oldest and biggest company in the business. Swigart Land Company, X1245 First National Bank Building, Chicago.

FARMS FOR SALE

LAND BARGAINS—$5 MONTHLY BUYS 40 acres, near town, southern Missouri. Price only $220. Write for list. Box 282-D, Springfield, Mo.

ECONOMIZE

ATTENTION! CARBONALE EQUAL TO twenty gallons gasoline prepaid anywhere, $1. Absolutely guaranteed. Herold, Elgin, Ill.

OVER THERE

OVER THERE—HONOR THOSE WHO HAVE gone to the front. Send for free booklet showing photo of Service Pin and Allied Flag Bracelet. Cray & Co., Room 1310, 170 Broadway, New York City.

SHEET MUSIC

DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY! SONGS 10c each, or four for 30c. "Maid of Japan," "Cello Melody," "Song You Sang to Me," "What Are We Doing Over Here?" Channon Music Co., 701 Seventh Ave., New York.

TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO OR SNUFF HABIT CURED OR no pay. $1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., TC, Baltimore, Md.

PATENTS

PATENTS SECURED QUICKER—NEW EFFICIENCY in patent service! Report on your invention in two days or less. No longer than 10 days to prepare your case for filing. Get the benefit of my new personal-service plan. Send sketch or model for prompt search and report. My new 90-page patent book free! It's "different." Send a postal today. George P. Kimmel, 20-H1, Oriental Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MILLIONS SPENT ANNUALLY FOR IDEAS! Hundreds now wanted! Patent yours and profit! Write today for free books—tell how to protect yourself, how to invent, ideas wanted, how we help you sell, etc. 205 Patent Dept., American Industries, Inc., Washington, D. C.

"PATENTS AND PATENT POSSIBILITIES" is a 72-page treatise telling what to invent and where to sell it. Manufacturers constantly writing for patents. Help supply the demand. Books free. H. S. Hill, 933 McLachlen Building, Washington, D. C.

IDEAS WANTED. THEY BRING WEALTH if patented. Send postal for Needed Inventions, List of Patent Buyers and Guide Book. Tells how to secure patent through our credit plan. Randolph & Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS THAT PROTECT. ADVICE AND books free. Highest references. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F St., Washington, D. C.

SONG POEMS WANTED

WHO WILL WRITE THE SONG HIT OF the war? If you have an idea suitable for such a song, write for free booklet, "Songwriters' Manual and Guide." We revise poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate free publication or sale. Poems submitted, examined free. Knickerbocker Studios, 112 Gaiety Bldg., N. Y. C.

WRITE A SONG—PATRIOTIC OR POPULAR. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Thomas Merlin, 219, Reaper Block, Chicago.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. WE write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 538 So. Dearborn St., Suite 106, Chicago.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

$15.00 TO $20.00 NIGHTLY ON SMALL INvestment. Complete Moving Picture Outfit, Machine, Film, etc., at manufacturers' prices sold on installments. Free catalog. Moving Picture Sales Co., 540 Plymouth Place, Dept. BS, Chicago.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

FREE TO WRITERS— A WONDERFUL little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful story and play writing. Absolutely free. Just address Writer's Service, Dept. 10, Auburn, N. Y.

OLD COINS WANTED

CASH PAID FOR OLD MONEY OF ALL kinds; $5.00 for certain eagle cents; $7.00 for certain 1853 quarters, etc. Send 4c. Get large illustrated coin circular. May mean your large profit. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

MEDICAL

SUFFERERS FROM KIDNEY AND BLADder trouble, causing backache, nervousness, tired and worn out feeling, frequent desire to urinate, smarting and burning. Do not suffer any longer but write us for free symptom blank and advice. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

POULTRY

POULTRY BOOK FREE—STOCK YARDS Veterinary Laboratory, Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo., is distributing a booklet on the management of poultry, with special articles showing how to increase egg production. Our book on Hogs, Cattle, Horses, etc., free on request.

WANT TO BUY

WANTED OLD FALSE TEETH, DON'T matter if broken. I pay $2 to $50 per set. Send by parcel post and receive check by return mail. F. Teri, 403 N. Wolfe St., Baltimore, Md.

WHERE TO BUY

SPECIAL DIRECTORY! SOURCES OF SUPply and first hands in all lines. $1. Products Co., Elgin, Ill.

PERSONAL

"CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN, SINGLE, Methodist, just in the very pink and prime of life, weighs 160 lbs., 5 ft. 10 inches height, brown hair, fair complexion, some property interests, made careful study of mountain and foreign missions, have employed experienced mission worker and two helpers, but the work is so great and important—needs numbers of native trained workers, also have plan of operating native converts in Orient through church boards. I am handicapped in carrying plans out—would like to meet lady of means, not less than $300,000 cash to million or more and thoroughly Christian woman whose views and beliefs coincide and would devote say some of the income of investments to the advancement of the work and locating in the town near field where can build modern home in town of all conveniences, rolling hills and pure water. This home to be equipped with every convenience and comfort, including small mission chapel within, supplied with maps and works and data on all home and foreign missions. This home to be place of entertainment of workers. There are many fine candidates that can be picked up for to be trained in training schools. My ideal of woman is spiritually minded, good health and looks, brown or dark auburn hair, fair, medium size and weight, not over 25 to 38. Would like to get in correspondence with such one, view of matrimonial alliance and with such means, willing to build up family home in the prettiest part of America and most romantic locality of any, and where ideal Christian home life and large service for good can be actually realized. Like the exchange of photos and particulars in correspondence under real names, to be treated strictest confidence. If interested, address Mr. L., care P. O. Box 322, Mt. Airy, N. C."

MEN—SEXTONIQUE NEVER FAILS TO REstore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN; REmember, we cure chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book, symptom blank and advice free sealed. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

ANTIES. GERMAN SECRET SOLVES THE prohibition problem. The easiest, most secret and simple thing out. For full particulars write J. A. Short (Dept. B), Stephensville, Texas.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. WORTH $1,000 to $800,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Peoples Club, Box 4, San Diego, California.

MARRY—MOST SUCCESSFUL "HOME Maker;" hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Mrs. Purdie, Box 566, Oakland, Calif.

EFFICIENCY ADVISER ANSWERS TEN questions. Write today, enclosing twenty-five cents. A. E. Colesburn, 972 Ashland Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

BRIGHAM YOUNG TABLETS, BEST NERVE tonic on earth for men, $2 per box. The West Medical Clinic, 1420 Stout St., Denver, Colo.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL magazine published. Mailed free. Ladies send age, description. American Distributor, Blairsville, Pennsylvania.

MATRIMONIAL PAPER AND DESCRIPtions free. Many wealthy (sealed), pay when married. Langdon, 802 Arbor Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

MARRY—THOUSANDS LONELY, CONGENial members, worth $50,000 up, will marry. Descriptions free. Ralph Hyde, San Francisco, Cal.

I DARE YOU WRITE ME; WIDOW; WORTH $50,000; lonely; will marry. G—, Mission Unity, San Francisco, Calif.

WOULD YOU MARRY IF SUITED? SEND 25 cents silver, inclose stamp. Correspondent Directory, Box 186, Oxford, Indiana.

MARRIAGE PAPER WITH NAMES, ADdresses, photos, descriptions, sealed, 25c. Box 2265, Boston, Mass.

MARRY A FARMER WORTH $40,000. FULL particulars by return mail. H—, 253a Minna St., San Francisco, Cal.

"FROM THE BALL ROOM TO HELL," mailed anywhere, 25c. L. E. Muncy, 136 E. Pleasant Ave., A, Syracuse, N. Y.

ON THE HOLY LAND AND EGYPT THE Christian Seer Emmerich is great. Her 4 books, 20c. Klein Co., Brandon, Minn.

MARRIAGE PAPER — PHOTOS, DESCRIPtions, many rich, want to marry. Free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

PHOTOS! BATHING PEACHES FROM THE Beaches. Sent sealed, 25c. H. Sarvis, Barnes City, Iowa.

Free to Pile Sufferers

Sure, Speedy and Safe Relief from Piles Assured by My Method of Internal Treatment. Far Superior to Ointments, Salves, Dilators, or Other Treatments that Simply Ease But Never Permanently Relieve.

Just Chew a Pleasant Tablet—Send For This Free Today

Don't Be Cut

Try This Home Treatment that Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time Free Yourself From Piles

My internal method for the relief of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of cases, reported as cured, testify to this, and I want you to give this method a trial entirely free of any charge.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development—whether it is chronic or acute—whether it is occasional or permanent—you should send for this treatment.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of salves, ointments, dilators, etc., have failed.

I want you to realize that my method is the one infallible treatment that brings real lasting relief.

"Sample Must Have Cured Me"

Bleeding Piles For 6 Years

San Bernardino, California.

Mr. E. R. Page, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:

Your Pile Tablets are surely wonderful. I was troubled with bleeding piles, off and on, for six years; couldn't get anything to cure them until I read your ad. in the daily paper. The sample must have cured me—I haven't been bothered since.

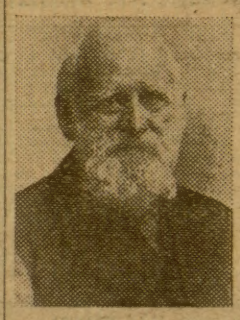
Yours truly,
Mrs. M. J. MANBECK.
R. R. Route 2, Box 96.

There isn't any doubt in the world but that my Internal Method for Treating Piles is the One Correct Way. It reaches the seat of trouble, heals and soothes, and brings relief after all other methods have utterly failed.

The first trial will surely convince you.

Now Completely Cured

At Age of 88—Enthusiastic



Homer, Mich.
Mr. E. R. Page,
Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:

"I want you to know what your treatment has done for me. I had suffered with piles for many years and used suppositories and all kinds of treatments, but never got relief until I tried yours. Am now completely cured. Although I am 88 years old and the oldest active blacksmith in Michigan, I feel years younger since the piles left me. I will surely recommend it to all I know who suffer this way. You can use my letter any way you wish and I hope it will lead others to try this wonderful remedy.

Yours truly,
J. L. LYON.

Cured 15 Years Ago

Never a Return

One of the most grateful letters ever received in my office is dated from Gate City, Virginia, and is signed by Mr. T. H. Quillin.

Mr. Quillin encloses his photograph (shown herewith) and writes that he used my method for treating piles 15 years ago. He states that he was cured at that time and has never had any return of his trouble. He orders a treatment for his son.

This is a case to be proud of.

E. R. PAGE.

There is a big difference between being temporarily helped—having the pain leave for a few hours or days—and being entirely freed from piles. So please notice that those whose letters are quoted especially state that they have been *cured*.

Don't let anything delay you, but write now, satisfy yourself, ask any questions, put us to the test—but above everything else send the coupon for a free trial of this most wonderful combination treatment.

Suffered for Over 25 Years

Troubled No More

1445 N. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Mr. E. R. Page,
Marshall Mich.
Dear Sir:

It gives me great pleasure to write and tell you I am troubled no more with Piles. I am 64 years of age and have suffered for over 25 years; have tried all kinds of Ointments, etc., without success.

You are at liberty to use my name in reference to your Pile Cure and also my photograph, which I am sending you.

With best regards, I remain,
Yours very truly,
JOHN W. SHUMAN.

"I Could Not Work"

"Finally Secured Your Treatment"

Max, Minn.
Mr. E. R. Page,
Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:

After suffering for five years with itching and protruding piles and at times so bad that I could not work, after trying all kinds of remedies I could get hold of, I finally secured your treatment and I am completely cured.

Hoping this will help other sufferers, I remain,
Yours respectfully,
ALFRED SETTERBERG.

Only One Sure Way

Try a Package of My Internal Treatment (a Pleasant Tablet) and Forget Salves, Ointments and Unpleasant Local Applications

The only way in the world that you will ever find final relief for piles, is to treat them internally.

Don't let anyone persuade you to submit to an operation until you have at least given my method a trial.

This is not a new idea nor something that has not been given a thorough test. This system of treatment has been sold for nearly a quarter of a century, and I have received thousands of letters testifying to the truth of every claim, every statement that I have ever made.

Take advantage of this opportunity to relieve yourself of piles and their pain.

Suffered for Years "But Wouldn't Know It"

Certainly a Success

238 Broadway,
San Diego, Cal.
Mr. E. R. Page,
Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:

After suffering years with Piles I feel now as if I had never had them. Your remedy is certainly a success and cannot be praised too much. Had it not been for running across your ad in the World Almanac, I suppose I would be still bothered with this awful disease.

I want to thank you for your kindness, and if I ever have an opportunity of recommending it I will do so.

Sincerely yours,
E. R. RAYMOND.

FREE Pile Relief Coupon

MR. E. R. PAGE,
382D Main Street, Marshall, Mich.

Please send to me, without obligation or cost to me, a trial package of your combination treatment for Piles.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....